

The Sketch



No. 375.—Vol. XXIX.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1900.

SIXPENCE.



GENERAL H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, K.G., K.P., &c.,
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF HER MAJESTY'S FORCES IN IRELAND.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY, STRAND.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Prince's Grand National—The Duke of Norfolk—Piet Joubert—Archibald Forbes.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES has satisfied one of his ambitions by winning the Grand National Steeplechase. This race, which carries with it the Blue Riband of steeplechasing, and the Derby were the two events which the Prince set his heart on winning during his ownership of racehorses. It should be a gratification to Ireland—which distressful country is receiving so many Royal compliments at the present time—that Ambush II. was trained there.

The determination of the Duke of Norfolk to resign his very responsible position as Postmaster-General and to go out to South Africa has caused a great deal of gossip. His Grace was born in 1847, and is therefore at an age that, except in the case of Generals, is considered too old for an officer to proceed on active service. The Duke is a Lieutenant-Colonel in the 2nd Volunteer Battalion of the Sussex Regiment and the Honorary Colonel of a Yorkshire Volunteer Battalion, but he has never donned the gold of the Regulars, and has not previously seen active service. That a nobleman who has devoted his life to achieving a reputation as an admirable official and to carrying out works of charity should, at the age of fifty-two, leave the great Department he has managed so splendidly, and go out to South Africa to face danger and discomfort on the veldt, seems a curious act to many men. One of the reasons—a very noble one—which has confirmed the Duke in his resolve is that, as the acknowledged head of the Roman Catholic aristocracy of Great Britain, he believes it to be his duty to take the field against Her Majesty's enemies. He considers this a case in which example is better than precept. No Crusader ever went to the wars inspired by higher motives than those which have stirred the Duke to the step he has taken. It is to be hoped that he will return unharmed before long, and that we shall some day see him again at the head of the Post Office Department.

That the Duke is quitting his official chair is a subject for regret to all men who have been brought into contact with him in business. The daily amount of work that he got through was surprising, and he made a point of answering as many letters as possible by his own hand—an act of courtesy which is becoming rare in these days of high pressure and typewriting.

Two men whose acquaintance I made in South Africa, Piet Joubert and Archibald Forbes, have died during the past week. Joubert I used to see when I was in camp at Standerton, on the Vaal River. His principal farm was in the Wakkerstroom district, but he had some property in the Standerton district adjoining, and we soldiers often saw him at the store of the village. The Boers used to look up to him as being something of a lawyer as well as a great landowner, and he was often made an arbitrator in disputes as to land or cattle, so that the parties concerned might not have to appear in a British Court of Law—for the Union Jack waved over Pretoria in the days I am writing of. When one of these informal Arbitration Courts was held, there would be a crowd of Boers loitering about before the store, a square building standing by itself on the veldt; there would be one or two "spiders" left apparently derelict in the open, and twenty or thirty horses knee-haltered and grazing; and inside the building the storekeeper, in shirt-sleeves, would be very busy pouring out tots of "square-face" and joking with his customers. In the afternoon, when the business had been settled, there would be some good-natured bear-fighting amongst the younger Boers, and probably some shooting at bottles, in which everybody who had a rifle took a part. This was the period of the day at which the farmers were not unwilling to have a British officer amongst them, and I used to go down from the camp on the hill, rifle in hand, and join in the sport. The chaff that went on was somewhat free, but I never was met by anything approaching an insult, and some of the elder men, Joubert amongst them, were most courteous and evidently enjoyed a talk and the interchange of news. The grey had not then come into Joubert's beard, and, standing over six feet in height, he was a man who had the appearance of someone in authority, and he had the manner of one used to be obeyed.

Archibald Forbes, whom I saw pretty frequently during the Zulu War, was then approaching the close of his active career in many fields of war, and men who had been with him in other campaigns said that his energy had diminished. Unless he thought that there was to be fighting on a large scale, he was not very keen for a day's hard work, and gathered by hearsay news as to incidents that had occurred during the skirmish or reconnaissance of the day. When there was the chance of a big fight, he was as full of go and power of endurance as ever. I formed one of the group of officers who gave him a cheer as he set off on his great ride from the camp by the Umvelosi River after the Battle of Ulundi. We all felt a little jealous that Lord Chelmsford should have entrusted the conveyance of the news to a civilian instead of one of us; but that did not prevent the officers of a battery of artillery from giving him a share of a bottle of champagne they had kept throughout the campaign to open on the occasion of the final victory, nor the remainder of us from wishing him God-speed very heartily. I dined in his company three years ago in a Service Club, and could hardly recognise in the bent man with snow-white eyebrows and moustache the giant of the days of the Zulu War.

THE WAR—WEEK BY WEEK.

Fighting Near Brandfort—Brilliant Bayonet-Work—Capture of a British Convoy—Death of General Joubert—Sortie from Mafeking.

LORD ROBERTS' occupation of Bloemfontein has been marked, during the latter portion of the past week, by a sharply fought action between General Tucker's Division (the Seventh) and a Boer force which had marched from Kroonstad to hold Brandfort. This place is about thirty-five miles to the north of the Free State capital, and is on the road to the village of Glen, where General Tucker's troops (consisting of the 14th and 15th Brigades) had recently been sent.

DUTCH "SLIMNESS."

Dividing his force into two portions, the Boer commander proceeded with one to a position known as Karee Siding, where he established himself on a series of kopjes. As soon as he had done this he commenced to wreak vengeance on a number of burghers in the neighbourhood who had lately surrendered in terms of the British proclamation. In order to put a stop to this, the dispersal of the commando was resolved upon, and the task of carrying it out was entrusted by Lord Roberts to General Tucker.

THE BATTLE OF BRANDFORT.

This he proceeded to do in a thoroughly business-like fashion on Thursday last. Ascertaining, by means of a carefully executed reconnaissance, the exact position of the enemy's trenches, he commenced the action by subjecting them to a vigorous shelling. As soon as his gunners had found the range, their fire became extremely effective, and shell after shell was exploded with admirable precision into the very centre of the Boer lines.

BRILLIANT BAYONET-WORK.

The nature of the ground, however, afforded the enemy a great deal of natural protection. After a little time, accordingly, the British General deemed it advisable to resort to the employment of cold steel as a means of completing the clearing of the kopjes. With this intention, therefore, the infantry boldly left their cover and dashed forward against the heights before them. As they advanced, they were met with a withering hail of bullets, before which nearly two hundred officers and men fell. Without an instant's wavering, however, the remainder pressed impetuously on, and, at the point of the bayonet, drove such of the enemy as were left to face them from position to position. Before the wall of steel that threatened them, however, the Boer lines broke, and the men forming them hurriedly fell back, precipitately retreating across country to the north. During the rout, they were harried with excellent effect by the cavalry under their dashing leader, General French.

CAPTURE OF A CONVOY.

An unfortunate episode—ending in the capture by the enemy of a small British convoy and six guns—occurred to the south of the Modder last Saturday. From such details as have since come to hand, it appears that a force of cavalry and artillery, under Colonel Broadwood, with some mounted infantry, under Colonel Pilcher, evacuated Thaba N'chu on the previous day. This step was necessitated by the advance towards the spot of a Boer commando. After marching all night, our men encamped at Bloemfontein Waterworks, to the south of the Modder River. Here, at daybreak on Saturday, they were attacked by the enemy in considerable strength. Thereupon, Colonel Broadwood detached a portion of his force to act as a rear-guard, while the remainder were utilised as a convoy for his Horse Artillery batteries. Soon after the convoy started off, it entered a deep spruit, in which a large number of Boers had concealed themselves. Being completely taken by surprise, the whole detachment were made prisoners almost before a single shot had been fired. As soon as the occurrence was reported at Bloemfontein, Lord Roberts despatched General Colville's division. It arrived on the spot at noon, and at the moment of writing is hotly engaging the enemy.

"AN HONOURABLE FOE."

The death (which occurred at Pretoria on the 27th ult.) of General Piet Joubert, Commander-in-Chief of the Transvaal Forces, cannot fail to have a pronounced effect upon the future progress of the War. Such effect, too, will certainly be in our favour, for there is no gainsaying that the deceased Commandant was an exceptionally able leader. Indeed, it is almost entirely owing to his military genius that the enemy have been able to hold out so long. In one respect, however, Joubert's death is a loss to ourselves, for, in sharp contrast to too many of his brother-commanders, he "played the game" properly, and was never known to violate the principles that actuate civilised warfare.

"B.-P." COMMANDEERS BEEF.

The latest news (up to the moment of writing) from the long-beleaguered garrison of Mafeking bears date of the 10th ult. The despatch is more reassuring in tone than have been the last two or three from this place, and contains the cheering intimation "All well here." By means of a recent daringly executed sortie (resulting in the capture of twenty-six head of cattle), the gallant little garrison have gained a welcome increase to their scanty store of provisions. In the meantime, Colonel Plumer, who is working hard to effect the relief of the town from the north, is, unfortunately, being temporarily held in check by a strong force of the enemy at Lobatsi. That the garrison will, however, receive succour at the earliest possible moment is evidenced by a message sent from Lord Roberts to the Mayor of East London.

THE 'VARSITY BOAT-RACE.

"CAMBRIDGE wins!" This was the cry heard as soon as the University crews reached Putney. 'Twas uttered by the cognoscenti, echoed by the public, and, as it were, reflected by the betting. It began with Oxford's misfortunes, and nothing occurred during the training on the waters of the race's course to destroy the confidence in the Light Blues, former favourites last Saturday.

Oxford won the toss, and chose the Surrey shore, but not for a moment did this advantage benefit them. Fully justifying all the good things that had been said of them, Cambridge drew away from the start in a manner which admitted of no doubt as to their superiority. Though adopting a rapid rate, the strokes of the Light-Blue crew were clean and pulled well through. At the end of the quick but lengthy sweep, the recovery was smart, and, with a swing which was almost perfect, the Cambridge eight caused the boat to cut through the water at a fine pace. By comparison, the Oxonian efforts, though made in good style, were sluggish. At Craven steps the favourites led by two lengths. Increasing their advantage at almost every stroke, the

THE 'VARSITY SPORTS.

PLEASURE and disappointment were mingled at the Queen's Club on Friday last. There was a wealth of sunshine, yet the cold wind was not unfelt. Excellence of performance characterised the thirty-seventh annual Inter-University Sports. The proceedings, were, however, not of the exciting nature that lent such charm to the meeting of 1899. Herein came the principal element of disappointment; chief, however, only so far as regards the company, which was less numerous than usual. To Cambridge a far greater cause was the breakdown of A. E. Hind, Davidson, and H. A. Jones. The first-named had been accredited with a remarkable performance at Fenner's. Discounting this to some extent, there was still every reason to expect to see Hind sailing home first in the Hundred. His absence made the race a certainty for Oxford, and, singularly, C. R. Thomas and A. M. Hollins, the two Oxonians, ran a dead-heat.

The absence of Davidson smoothed the path for Hollins in the Quarter, though the result might have been the same under any circumstances. Jones's failure in the Long Jump was an affair of a

"THE SKETCH" SNAPSHOT AT MORTLAKE LAST SATURDAY.



FINISH OF THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE: CAMBRIDGE WIN BY TWENTY LENGTHS AT MORTLAKE.

distance amounted to eight lengths at Hammersmith Bridge, reached in 7 min. 10 sec. Cambridge led, in fact, from start to finish. A lead of 130 yards was enjoyed at Chiswick Church; at Barnes Bridge there was a difference of 40 sec. in the arrival of the boats; and twenty lengths was the distance, officially given, between the boats at the finish. The time of the race, as taken by Benson's chronometer, was 18 min. 47 sec., against 21 min. 4 sec. last year. This equals the record accomplished by Oxford in 1893. Both crews rowed in boats built by George Sims and Sons, on practically the same lines, and used oars made by Ayling and Sons. There were six Etonians in the Oxford boat, and four in that of the winners. Never before in the same year had two brothers—R. B. Etherington-Smith, Cambridge, and T. B., Oxford—rowed in opposing crews, and few men of H. B. Kittermaster's weight (14 st. 6 lb.) had previously enjoyed a seat in the race. Mr. Frank Willan was again the umpire, and Mr. Le Blanc Smith judge.

CAMBRIDGE.

	st. lb.
S. P. Cockerell, Third Trinity (bow)	11 10
2 C. J. M. Adie, First Trinity	12 3
*3 B. W. D. Brooke, First Trinity	11 10½
*4 J. E. Payne, Peterhouse	13 0
*5 R. B. Etherington-Smith, First Trinity	12 11½
*6 R. H. Sanderson, First Trinity	12 13½
*7 W. Dudley Ward, Third Trinity	12 9
* J. H. Gibbon, Third Trinity (stroke)	11 8
G. A. Lloyd, Third Trinity (cox.)	9 0

Average, 12 st. 4½ lb.

OXFORD.

	st. lb.
H. H. Dutton, Magdalen (bow)	10 9½
*2 R. Culme-Seymour, New	11 7½
*3 C. E. Johnston, New	12 12
*4 C. W. Tomkinson, Balliol	11 13
5 Lord Grimston, Christ Church	13 10½
6 H. B. Kittermaster, Christchurch	14 6
7 T. B. Etherington-Smith, Oriel	11 5½
C. P. Rowley, Magdalen (stroke)	11 12½
* G. S. MacLagan, Magdalen (cox.)	8 5

Average, 12 st. 4½ lb.

* Old Blues.

different kind. His success in the trials had led to expectations of a victory in this event for the Light Blues, as well as to hopes of an exceptionally fine jump. Neither was realised, and Oxford gained not only an unlooked-for first with G. W. F. Kelly, but their other representative, L. T. Cornish, was second.

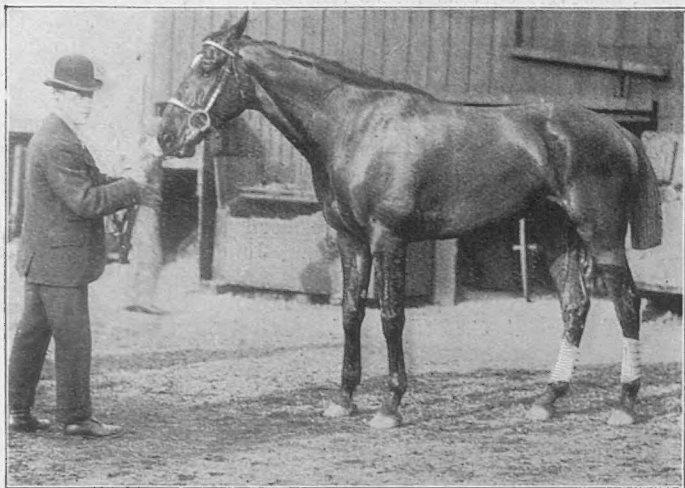
The result of the Long Jump was a great blow to Cambridge. A win would have saved them, and it seemed so certain. Cambridge won the Half-Mile Race with H. E. Graham, who ran exceedingly well. To them also went the Mile, which F. G. Cockshott won, as on form had appeared likely. Yet another victory was secured by Cambridge in the Hurdles.

W. J. Paget-Tomlinson cleared the "timber" in fine style, and finished first easily in 16½ sec. Hammer, Weight, and High Jump all went to Oxford, the respective winners being J. D. Greenshields, E. E. B. May, and W. E. B. Henderson. So the last event was reached with the score Oxford six wins, Cambridge three.

As on previous occasions, the Three-Miles race promised at one stage to provide excitement. But H. W. Workman, the Light-Blue first string, was only biding his time. His victory was easily obtained. Oxford in no fewer than five events occupied first and second positions. Their success goes to prove that it is never profitable to make too sure. Accidents will happen, as Cambridge found out to their cost on Friday last.

THE PRINCE'S GRAND NATIONAL.

THE PRINCE'S pluck has been well rewarded at last (writes Coe). It will be remembered His Royal Highness tried to win the Grand National with The Scot, Magic, Hetty (the last-named I tried to buy), and Ambush II. last year, and failed, but the cross-country Blue Riband has come to him at last by the aid of Ambush II. There



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S AMBUSH II., AFTER THE RACE.

were sixteen starters last Friday, and Hidden Mystery, who was unfortunately knocked down in the race by Covert Hack, started favourite, but Ambush II. was supported as well as any horse in the race, and it is said his noble owner had £300 on his horse. The scene after the race was over beggars description; all the Irishmen present, and the Englishmen too for that matter, went simply wild with delight, and certainly the happiest-looking man on the course was His Royal Highness himself, who, it should be noted, began his racing career as an owner of jumpers. The Knowsley House party were all elated, and even Lord Derby looked the picture of happiness.

Princes do not win Grand Nationals every day, and when they do it is only natural that scenes like that at Aintree on Friday should take place. Ambush II. ran respectably for the cross-country Blue Riband won by Manifesto in '99, but the horse was not then at his very best, and the critics told us he could have done with a few more gallops. Yet Ambush II. covered the difficult country and finished a respectable seventh. For this year's race many thought that the handicapper had been too harsh on Ambush II. On paper he stood no chance against last year's winner, but he was a year older, and could be relied on, if well, to have improved quite 14lb. The result shows that he topped this estimate, for after the fall of Hidden Mystery the result was practically assured, and the win was one of the easiest seen at Aintree for many years. The jockey, Anthony, is one of the best of the Irish professional cross-country riders, and it was very lucky that Mr. Eustace Loder, who has a claim on his services, was able to release him to don the Royal colours. Mr. Lushington, who trains Ambush II. at the Curragh, knows his business well, and he delivered the horse at the post as fit as hands could make him. The win of H.R.H. the Prince should be a great lift-up to sport under National Hunt Rules, and it was the one thing wanted to draw renewed attention to steeplechasing. It is, by-the-by, worthy of note that Halsey, who got second on Barsac, had earlier in the week ridden Innocence in the Lincoln Handicap, while he finished third on the same horse in last year's Derby, won by Flying Fox. By-the-by, it is to be hoped that Diamond Jubilee, who is said to have wintered well, will win the Derby; then we could refer to 1900 as the Prince's year in the sporting world.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

NEXT week Eastertide will begin, and we shall be thinking of going into the country for a bit. I hear that the Early Closing Association has been pressing the claims of people in the big shops to a holiday from the Thursday before Easter to the evening of Easter Tuesday. It is a capital movement, for no one ever shops on those days, and only the butchers and bakers need keep open. We must eat even on holidays, but no sane person would want to buy a carpet or a dress or a fiddle on Easter Tuesday. Really, the Easter outing is the longest holiday that many hard workers can afford themselves all through the year.

I was amused to see in my evening paper, a day or two ago, that the Duke of Orleans means to live in Austria for the future, as the Duchess does not find the climate of England healthy. I don't know about the Duchess, but I am pretty sure that the Duke won't find England any too salubrious if he comes back here.

By the way, I have got a new word for the dictionary-makers. The papers not long ago were full of the South African words which are creeping into the English language—for example, "trek," "kopje," "veldt," and so on. But they overlooked one word, the verb "to oom."

This word may be defined as "to place a watch or other valuable in security, receiving in exchange a slip of cardboard as guarantee." English will soon be a fine language to conceal one's thoughts in.

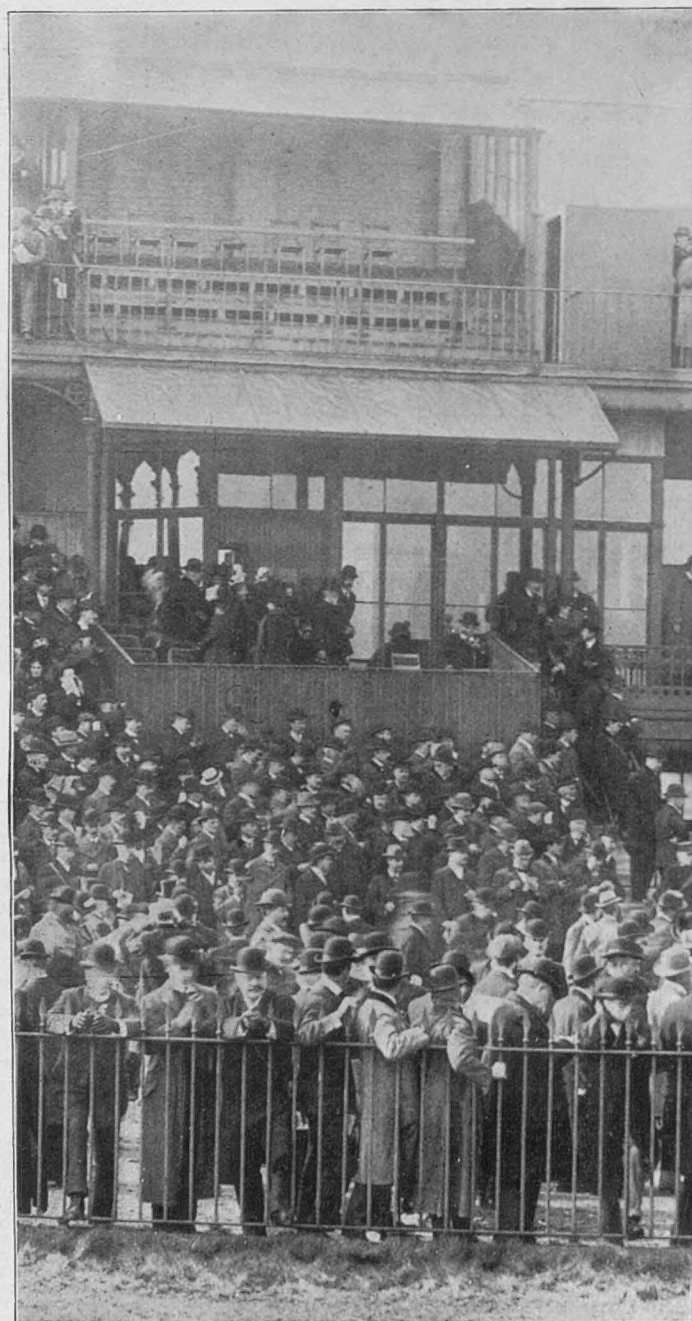
East wind or no East wind, spring is certainly coming on. A sure sign is the appearance of the whipping-top, with which the "Boy in the Street"—only a very distant connection—has been trying to amuse himself of late. I say "trying," because the top has a way of disappearing automatically whenever the cold grey eye of the policeman falls upon it. Otherwise, as a method of teaching elderly gentlemen to dance in public, it has no equal. Perhaps that is why it is popular in the "spring." Beg pardon! First offence.

There is going to be a rare rat-hunt this Easter in the Strand, when the last of the houses near St. Clement Danes is pulled down. The buildings are, most of them, of a good age, and must contain many a happy family of rats. When the housebreakers get to the last of the houses, those rats which cannot invade their neighbours will have to go, and, if they cannot escape by the sewers, they will have to make a bolt for it across the street.

In the early morning, with a smart terrier or two, there should be some fine sport; but, if the exodus occurs in the daytime, there will be some screeching among the ladies passing by at the time. I do not know whether a rat is considered as awful a wild beast as a mouse by the superior sex; but, at any rate, a frightened rat at close quarters is not a thing to be joked with.

The girls in the Post Office were wearing khaki badges the other day in commemoration of the Duke of Norfolk having volunteered for "the front" in South Africa. We shall see a good deal of khaki in the streets as soon as decenter weather allows the girls to blossom out in their spring frocks. I know a tall, slim maiden who appeared in a costume of the fashionable military hue, and was at once christened the "thin khaki line"—by her brothers, of course.

"THE SKETCH" SNAPSHOT ON THE GRAND NATIONAL DAY.

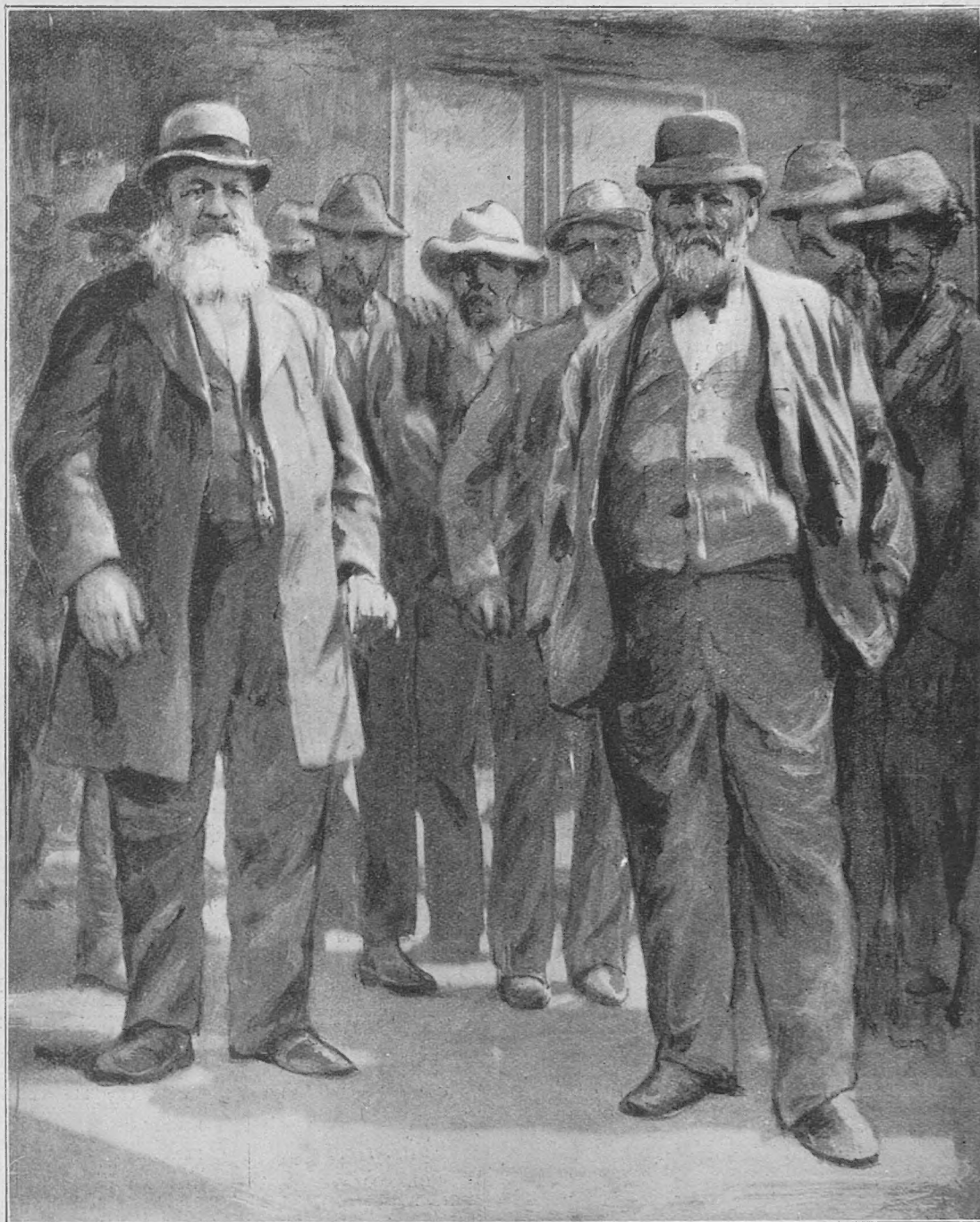


LORD DERBY'S STAND, IN WHICH IS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THE DEATH OF PIET JOUBERT, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE TRANSVAAL FORCES.

There needs no classical reminder, in the shape of "De Mortuis nil nisi bonum," to find the good in speaking of General Joubert, who, having been so often reported dead during the campaign, really died at last with astonishing suddenness. For a brave foe we have always had and ever shall have all respect. Of Joubert's bravery, shown on many a battlefield against the natives before he pitted himself against our Generals twenty years ago, there has never been any doubt. Like all brave and fearless men, whatever their nationality, humanity was in him something more than a sentiment, and those who knew him have consistently claimed that not only was he opposed to the use of the Dum-dum bullet, but he overcame those who desired to retain its services among the members of his army. Indeed, one of his earliest instructions to his men was the charge that they should behave in accordance with the most advanced ideas of the conduct of war among civilised nations, and neither wantonly destroy property nor plunder those whom opportunity threw in their way.

As with most Generals, caution was one of his strongest characteristics,



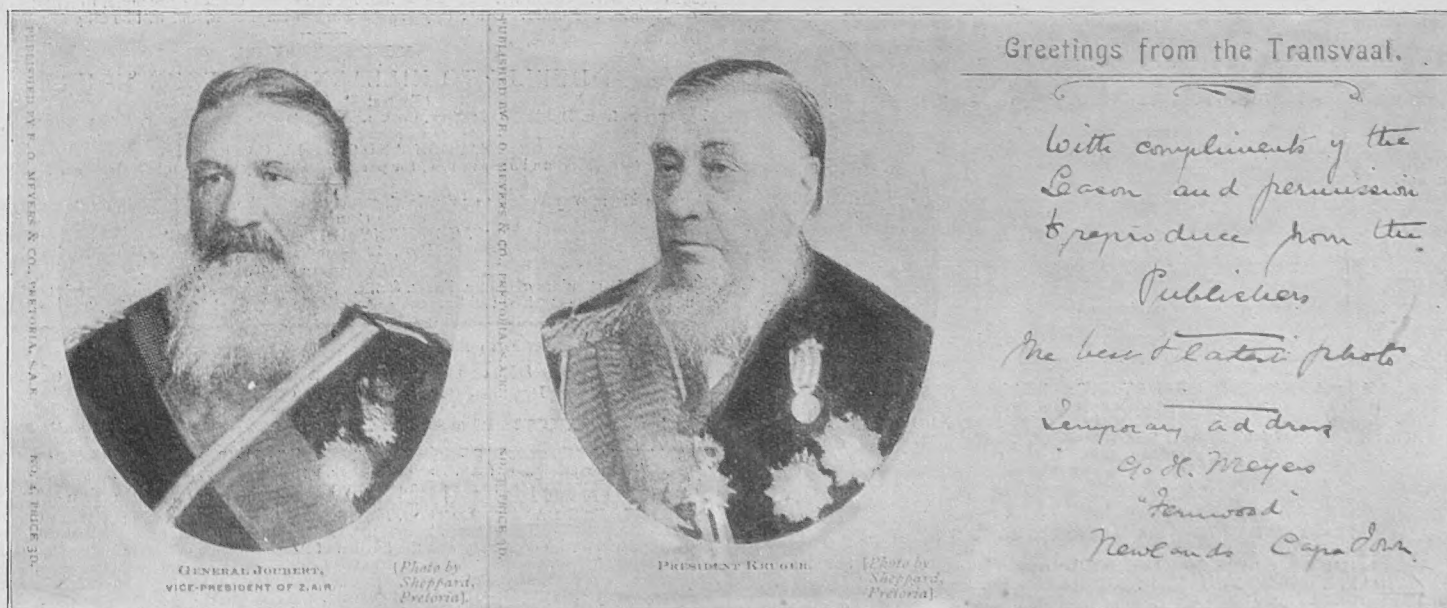
Piet Joubert.
MR. BENNET BURLEIGH'S SNAPSHOT OF THE LATE PIET JOUBERT, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BOER FORCES, AND HIS STAFF.

Reproduced by kind permission of the "Daily Telegraph."

and his plans were always made as the result of putting himself in the other man's place and imagining what he would do. In other words, he demonstrated in action what the German Emperor is said to have expressed in words not very long ago, when he said that nowadays we fight with brains even more than with men. This imagination, coupled with caution, was shown when our troops were withdrawn from the neighbourhood of Dundee and Glenco, and, instead of entering Natal over Laing's Nek, he sent his men a very long way round, to avoid the trap he expected had thus been set for him. His rugged exterior was but the shell of an equally rugged mentality. He died of peritonitis on March 27 at Pretoria; and at his funeral wreaths were contributed by the British prisoners in that city, so much was this brave General respected. Louis Botha succeeds him as Boer Commander-in-Chief.

Although General Joubert was not a little proud of the fact that he was descended from a

Huguenot family, he, nevertheless, pronounced his name as if it was a Dutch one, and not in accordance with the French method which we have always adopted in speaking of him.



A SOUVENIR CARD OF GENERAL JOUBERT AND PRESIDENT KRUGER FROM THE TRANSVAAL.

HAYMARKET. THE RIVALS.

EVERY EVENING at 8.15.
MATINEES TO-DAY and SATURDAY NEXT at 2.30. Box-office (Mr. Leverton) 10 to 10.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—MR. TREE.

EVERY EVENING at 8, Shakespeare's
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM (with the whole of Mendelssohn's music).
MATINEE TO-DAY and EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.

ST. JAMES'S.—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

THE MAN OF FORTY.
EVERY EVENING at 8.30 (Doors at 8).
THE MAN OF FORTY, by Walter Frith.
EXTRA MATINEE OF RUPERT OF HENTZAU TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY) at 2.30.
Box-office (Mr. E. Arnold) 10 to 10. ST. JAMES'S.

LONDON HIPPODROME.

CRANBURN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.
Managing Director, MR. H. E. MOSS.

TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.
AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

PARIS AT EASTER.—CHEAP 14-DAY EXCURSIONS (First and Second Class), THURSDAY, April 12, from Victoria 9.50 and 10 a.m., London Bridge 10 a.m., and (First, Second, and Third Class) from Victoria 8.50 p.m., London Bridge 9 p.m., on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, April 11 to 14. Fares, 39s. 3d., 30s. 3d., 26s.

NORMANDY AND BRITTANY AT EASTER.—SPECIAL CHEAP RETURN TICKETS.

TO DIEPPE from London Bridge and Victoria, by Day or Night Service, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, April 12 to 16 (First and Second Class).
FARES, 24s., 19s., available for return up to April 17.
TO CAEN, via Newhaven, from London Bridge 9 p.m. and Victoria 8.50 p.m., Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, April 11, 12, and 14.
FARES, 30s., 25s., 15s. Available for return the following Monday, Wednesday, or Friday.
For particulars address Continental Manager, London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, London Bridge.

LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

ON THURSDAY, APRIL 12.
SPECIAL EXTRA FAST TRAINS will leave WATERLOO as follows—
At 1.50 p.m. and 2.5 p.m. EXPRESS for CHRISTCHURCH, BOSCOMBE, and BOURNEMOUTH.
At 3 p.m. for CAMELFORD, DELABOLE, WADEBRIDGE, BODMIN, and PADSTOW.
At 4.5 p.m. BOURNEMOUTH (CENTRAL) express direct.
At 4.40 p.m. for SOUTHAMPTON WEST, CHRISTCHURCH, BOSCOMBE, and BOURNEMOUTH.
At 5.40 p.m. for SALISBURY, YEOVIL, EXETER, and WEST of ENGLAND LINES.
At 5.40 and 5.50 p.m. for BARNSTAPLE, ILFRACOMBE, BIDEFORD, &c.; also to Stations on the SIDMOUTH and BUDLEIGH SALTERTON BRANCHES.
For full particulars see bills and programmes, which can be obtained at any of the Company's Stations or London Receiving Houses, or from Mr. Sam Fay, Superintendent of the Line, Chas. J. OWENS, General Manager.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

EASTER EXCURSIONS.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS will be run from EUSTON, KENSINGTON (Addison Road), BROAD STREET, WILLESDEN JUNCTION, and other London Stations, as follows—
ON WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, to DUBLIN, GREENORE, BELFAST, Ardglass, Arinagh, Bray, Bundoran, Cork, Downpatrick, Dundalk, Enniskillen, Galway, Greystones, Killaloe, Killybeg, Limerick, Londonderry, Newcastle (co. Down), Newry, Ovoca, Portrush, Sligo, Thurles, Warrenpoint, Westport, Wexford, Wicklow, and other places in Ireland. To return within 16 days.

ON WEDNESDAY MIDNIGHT, APRIL 11, to Lancaster, MORECAMBE, Carnforth, CARLISLE, the English Lake District, Furness Railway Company's Stations, Southport, Preston, Wigan, St. Helens, Bolton, Blackburn, Chorley, BLACKPOOL, Fleetwood, &c., returning April 16 and 17.

ON THURSDAY, APRIL 12, to ABERGAVENNY, Dowlais, MERTHYR, Tredegar, Brynmawr, Ebbw Vale, SWANSEA, Llandilo, CARMARTHEN, Shrewsbury, Llandrindod, Llanwrtyd, Llangammarch, and Bulth Wells, Rhayader, Wellington, Hereford, Oswestry, Wrexham, Wrexham, Aberdovey, ABERYSTWYTH, BARMOUTH, Criccieth, Dolgelly, Harlech, Pwllheli, RHYL COLWYN BAY, LLANDUDNO, CONWAY, Bettws-y-Coed, Blaenau Ffestiniog, Bangor, Llanberis, Carnarvon, Holyhead, &c., returning April 16, 17, and 21.

To RUGBY, Nuneaton, Leicester, Tamworth, Burton, Derby, North Staffordshire Railway Stations, Macclesfield, CHESTER, Birkenhead, Burton, Ashbourne, Thorpe Cloud (for Dove Dale), &c., returning April 16 and 17.

To BIRMINGHAM, Coventry, LEAMINGTON, WARWICK, Kenilworth, Dudley, Walsall, WOLVERHAMPTON, &c., returning April 16 and 17.

To CARLISLE, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, Aberdeen, Arbroath, Ayr, Ballater, Banff, Brechin, Buckie, Callander, Castle Douglas, Crief, Cruden Bay, Dumfries, Dundee, Dunkeld, Elgin, Forfar, Fort William, Gourrock, Greenock, Inverness, Keith, Kirkcudbright, Moffat, Montrose, Nairn, Newton Stewart, Oban, Perth, Stirling, Stranraer, Strathpeffer, Whithorn, Wigton, and other places in Scotland, returning April 16 and 20, or within 16 days.

ON THURSDAY MIDNIGHT, APRIL 12, to Crewe, Liverpool, Stafford, Warrington, Widnes, Ashton, Manchester, Oldham, Stalybridge, Stockport, &c., returning April 16 or 17.

ON SATURDAY MIDNIGHT, APRIL 14, to Liverpool, Manchester, Warrington, and Stockport, returning April 16.

For Times, Fares, and full particulars see Small Bills, which can be obtained at any of the Company's Stations and Town Offices.

Euston Station, London, April 1900.

FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

EXCURSIONS will leave PADDINGTON, KENSINGTON (ADDISON ROAD), HAMMER-SMITH, &c., as under—

TUESDAY, April 10.—To Killybeg (via Cork) for a fortnight or less.

WEDNESDAY, April 11.—To WATERFORD, Clonmel, Tipperary, Limerick, Kilkenny, KILLARNEY (via Waterford), Belfast, Armagh, Enniskillen, Giant's Causeway, &c., for a fortnight or less.

THURSDAY, APRIL 12.—To Newbury, Deves, Trowbridge, Frome, Wells, YEOVIL, Bridport, Dorchester, WEYMOUTH, &c., to return April 17; to Swindon, BATH, BRISTOL, &c., to return April 16 or 17; to WESTON-SUPER-MARE, to return April 16, 17, or 19; to Taunton, Minehead, BARNSTAPLE, ILFRACOMBE, EXETER, Torquay, PLYMOUTH, Bodmin, Newquay, Falmouth, St. Ives, PENZANCE, &c., to return April 16 or 19; to GLOUCESTER, CHELTENHAM, Newport, CARDIFF, SWANSEA, Llanelly, Llandovery, Carmarthen, Tenby, NEW MILFORD, &c., to return April 16, 17, or 21; to CORK, for a fortnight or less; to Evesham, WORCESTER, Malvern, &c., to return April 17; to OXFORD, Leamington, BIRMINGHAM, Wolverhampton, MANCHESTER, Chester, Birkenhead, LIVERPOOL, &c., to return April 16 or 17; and to Shrewsbury, HEREFORD, Welshpool, Harlech, Aberystwyth, Llangollen, Dolgelly, Barmouth, Llandudno, Bettws-y-Coed, Carnarvon, &c., to return April 16, 17, or 21.

GOOD FRIDAY and EASTER SUNDAY.—To READING, Pangbourne, Goring, OXFORD, &c., to return same day. Oxford passengers can also return April 17.

SATURDAY, April 14.—To Swindon, BATH, BRISTOL, WESTON-SUPER-MARE, &c., to return April 16 or 17; to CHELTENHAM, GLOUCESTER, Newport, CARDIFF, Swansea, Llanelly, Llandovery, Carmarthen, &c., to return April 16, 17, or 21.

EASTER MONDAY.—To READING, Newbury, Pangbourne, Goring, Wallingford, &c., to return same day. To BATH, BRISTOL, Weston-super-Mare, &c., to return same day or April 17; and to Swindon, JIRENCESTER, GLOUCESTER, CHELTENHAM, &c., to return same day or April 17 or 21.

TUESDAY, April 17.—HALF-DAY TRIP TO SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY.—For Banbury, Leamington, and STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

CHEAP THIRD-CLASS RETURN TICKETS will be issued by certain Trains on GOOD FRIDAY, SATURDAY, EASTER SUNDAY, and MONDAY, to Windsor 2s. 6d., Maidenhead 3s., Henley 3s. 6d., Goring 5s. 6d., &c.

Pamphlets and Tickets can be obtained at the Company's Stations and the usual Receiving Offices.

J. L. WILKINSON, General Manager.

"PEPPER'S GHOST."

The death of Professor Pepper—"Pepper's Ghost," as he will be affectionately remembered for all time—removes from this mortal sphere one of its most famous illusionists. But, although he has gone, his "ghost" will still remain—not a mere nebulous imitation of himself, but the noble army of ghostly apparitions which in every country-fair throughout the Kingdom are still the delight and wonderment of the younger generations of material man and woman.

The portrait of Princess Henry of Pless in a recent Number of *The Sketch* was from one of the admirable photographs of Lafayette, Limited, of Dublin. I regret that it was inadvertently attributed to another firm.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

EASTER EXCURSIONS.

From LONDON (ST. PANCAS AND CITY and SUBURBAN STATIONS).

TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, April 10 and 11, to various parts of IRELAND (limit sixteen days), as announced in Special Bills.

THURSDAY, April 12, to PRINCIPAL TOWNS and HOLIDAY RESORTS in the MIDLAND COUNTIES, LANCASHIRE, YORKSHIRE, THE LAKE DISTRICT, and the NORTH-EAST COAST (for 5 or 6 days), also to ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND (for 5, 9, or 16 days).

ON SATURDAY NIGHT, APRIL 14, TO LEICESTER, NOTTINGHAM, Sheffield, Normanton, LEEDS, BRADFORD, Stockport, MANCHESTER, Warrington, and LIVERPOOL. Returning on the following Monday night.

* Bookings from Woolwich and Greenwich by these trains.

EASTER MONDAY, April 16, to ST. ALBANS, HARPENDEN, and LUTON, leaving ST. PANCAS at 10.10 and 11.5 a.m. and 1.10 p.m.; and to BEDFORD at 10.10 a.m.

SOUTHERN-ON-SEA.

Cheap Day and Week-End Tickets will be issued to SOUTHERN-ON-SEA as per Special Bills.

CHEAP WEEK TICKETS will be issued on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, April 12, 13, and 14, from LONDON (St. Pancras) to the PRINCIPAL SEASIDE and INLAND HOLIDAY RESORTS, including the PEAK OF DERBYSHIRE, MORECAMBE, THE LAKE DISTRICT, YORKSHIRE, the NORTH-EAST COAST, and SCOTLAND, available for return on any day up to and including Tuesday, April 17, except day of issue.

PROGRAMMES OF WEEK-END EXCURSIONS, and OTHER EASTER NOTICES, may be had on application at ST. PANCAS STATION, also at any of the Company's Receiving Offices, or Thos. Cook and Son's Agencies.

GEO. H. TURNER, General Manager.

EASTER ON THE CONTINENT, by the Harwich-Hook of Holland

Royal Mail Route, leaving London every evening, and arriving at the chief Dutch cities early next morning.

GERMANY.—Direct services via the Hook of Holland. Restaurant-cars on the North and South German Express Trains.

BELGIUM.—Brussels.—Cheap Return Tickets. The Ardennes, &c., via Antwerp, daily (Sundays excepted).

Direct Service to Harwich from Scotland, the North, and Midlands. Restaurant-car from York.

HAMBURG by G.S.N. Company's fast passenger steamers from Harwich, April 12 and 14.

Particulars at the Great Eastern Railway Company's American Rendezvous, 2, Cockspur Street, S.W., or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

GREAT SOUTHERN AND WESTERN RAILWAY.

OVERLAND MAIL ROUTE BETWEEN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

TOURIST SEASON, 1900.

Up to and until OCT. 31 TOURIST TICKETS will be issued from the Principal Stations to

KILLARNEY, WATERVILLE, VALENCIA
PARKNASILLA, RIVER SHANNON, LISDOONVARNA
CARAGH LAKE, and LAKES, BLARNEY and
KILLALOE, KILKEE, CONNEMARA, LUCAN HYDROS
LAHINCH, CONNEMARA, &c., &c.
GLENGARIEF, KENMARE

FINEST and Most Varied SCENERY in the Country. One Hundred Miles of River and Lake

Sailing. First-Class Hotels. One Hundred Miles of Coach Tours.

COMBINATION TICKETS.

Including RAIL, COACH, STEAMER, and HOTEL COUPONS at Fixed Rates, Good at all the SOUTHERN HOTEL CO.'S HOTELS, and G. S. and W. HOTEL, KILLARNEY.

WELL-APPOINTED COACHES RUN DURING THE SEASON.

SPECIAL DAY TRIP

To the ROCK OF CASHEL and HOLY CROSS ABBEY, EVERY SATURDAY. First Class, 13s.; Third Class, 10s., including Luncheon and Tea and 24 miles' Coach Drive.

SPECIAL DAY TRIPS

On RIVER SHANNON. First Class, 13s. 5d.; Third Class, 10s., including Luncheon and Tea on board Steamer. Leave Kingsbridge by Rail for Banagher, thence by Steamer to Killaloe, and Rail Killaloe to Dublin. Other Day Trips are in contemplation, and will be duly announced.

EXPRESS SERVICE.

DUBLIN TO KILLARNEY IN FOUR HOURS.

(Fastest Train in Ireland.)
Passengers from Dublin for Mallow, Cork, and Stations on the Fermoyle, Kenmare, and Killarney branches will have a connection off this train.

SALOON AND FAMILY CARRIAGES (First and Third Class) for parties sent to any station by arrangement.

Tourists are recommended to provide themselves with the beautifully illustrated Official Guide of the Company, entitled "THE SUNNYSIDE OF IRELAND," Free by Post, 12 Stamps, or at Bookstalls.

Printed Particulars of Tours, Fares, &c., &c., free on application to the Superintendent of the Line, Kingsbridge Station, Dublin.

ROBERT G. COLHOUN, Traffic Manager.

Fifth Edition, Enlarged, One Shilling, post free.

DEAFNESS and its TREATMENT, with cases of Nervous Deafness. By ROBERT T. COOPER, M.A., M.D.

London: JAMES EPPS and CO., Ltd., 170, Piccadilly, and 48, Threadneedle Street.

Eleventh Edition; 24th Thousand; Cloth, 1/6; Paper Cover, 1/- Of all Booksellers.

THE DIETETIC CURE OF OBESITY (Foods for the Fat).

By N. E. YORKE DAVIES, L.R.C. Coll. Phys. Lond. Part I.—Contents: Evils of Corpulency—Dangerous conditions due to Corpulency, such as Weak Heart, Breathlessness, Dropsy, Apoplexy, &c.—Obesity the ruin of Beauty and the burden of Age—Diet the only safe and permanent cure at any age—Quack Medicines, Acids, Purgatives, or Outward Applications fatal, dangerous, temporary, or useless. Evils of Overeating and Sedentary Habits—Food in its Relation to Work, Exercise, &c., &c. Part II.—Dietetics of Obesity.

Opinions of the Press.—"This work deserves careful study."—QUEEN. "The only safe and permanent cure of obesity."—WESTERN GAZETTE. "This is the very best book on Corpulency that has ever been written."—LADY. London: CHATTO and WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

Victoria Day

The Sketch ventures to offer an amendment to the patriotic suggestion from Kimberley. It has been decided in the Diamond City, which General French relieved by his memorable cavalry dash through the Boer investing lines, to celebrate St. George's Day on the Queen's Birthday, "which"—as Reuter's agent put it—"will probably be made Empire Day, as all sections of the community will thus be able to unite in celebrating the British successes." But the name of our revered Queen is emblematic of the Empire. Why not name the Queen's Birthday henceforth *Victoria Day*, and keep it as an Imperial Holiday?

More Royal Sunshine for Erin.

There is every reason to believe that the visit of the Queen to her Kingdom of Ireland will not be a Royal "flash in the pan." I hear, on excellent authority, that Her Majesty has herself taken the initiative whereby the Royal Family will always be represented in the Emerald Isle, evidence of this wish on the Queen's part having already been given by the appointment of the Duke of Connaught to the Command of the Forces. But next year either the Prince and Princess of Wales or the Duke and Duchess of York will take official residence at the Viceregal Lodge for some weeks. Indeed, it would surprise no one in Court circles to hear that the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, as at present delegated, had been abolished for ever. Worse things have happened.

A Royal Garden-Party in Ireland.

If only Ireland enjoys the traditional Queen's weather, it is very probable that the Queen will give a Garden-Party. This function, for which the charming grounds of the Viceregal Lodge are admirably adapted, would take place on the eve of the Sovereign's departure from Dublin, and would be certainly extremely popular, as it would give literally thousands of Irish people who have a right to some special civility being shown them an opportunity of showing their respect and affection for their Sovereign. A Garden-Party held under such conditions would not be nearly so fatiguing to Her Majesty as a similar affair held in the grounds of Buckingham Palace is too apt to be; and there can be no doubt that it would cause immense gratification, and yet further earn the gratitude of the Irish capital, as it would certainly bring many of the country gentry to Dublin who would not otherwise care to take the journey.

During each of her previous visits to Dublin the Queen stayed at the Viceregal Lodge as the guest of the then Viceroy. On this occasion, however, Lord and Lady Cadogan will be in residence at the Castle, and the whole of their official residence in the Phoenix Park will be given over to the Sovereign and her suite, as well as several of the smaller official residences which have been gradually erected in its immediate neighbourhood. Lady Arran, who is so prominent a member of the Irish Industries Association, will be in waiting on Princess Christian.

The Queen and Her Furniture.

Mr. Leonard Collman, the Inspector of the Palace at Windsor Castle, is a gentleman of singularly equable temperament; indeed, he could hardly be otherwise, when the nature of his duties is taken into consideration.

His colleague, Mr. Taylor, at Buckingham Palace, has a comparatively easy berth, because the Queen rarely entertains guests in London. Mr. Collman, on the other hand, has to keep a register of the likes and dislikes of the many illustrious personages who are bidden to Windsor, and very particularly most of them are as to the equipment of their apartments. Without going into personal details, I may mention that one distinguished visitor requires certain pictures to be in evidence, while another dislikes them; one Royal Princess strongly objects to the morningsun, shine it ever so faintly; and a great potentate prefers a camp-bed to lie upon. These are matters which Mr. Collman has constantly to bear in mind, but they are trifles compared with the anxiety imposed on him by the Queen's visit to the Viceregal Lodge, Dublin.

The Queen's Chairs.

It may not be generally known that

Her Majesty must always be provided with chairs rising a certain height from the ground, and that even a discrepancy of half-an-inch either way causes the Queen the greatest discomfort, for our revered Sovereign is not of lofty stature, and once, when visiting a Scottish Duke, she was given a splendid arm-chair which, as she herself remarked, must have been made for the King of the Belgians. Of course, Her Majesty made no complaint at the time, but ever since then she has taken her own chair with her. And as with chairs, so with beds, sofas, and settees. Mr. Collman's position is no sinecure, and the change from Bordighera to Phoenix Park has not lightened his labours.

Our Soldier Prince.

The Duke of Connaught has already

won his way to the hearts of the Irish nation. He has been making a tour of inspection of the Irish garrisons, and has everywhere met with a most cordial reception. Although, as is well known, the Duke would have preferred serving in South Africa with the gallant soldiers of the nation from which he derives his title, and there can be no question that his great skill in the art of war would have made him a valuable help to Lord Roberts, yet he is doing good service as the latter's successor as Commander of the Forces in Ireland. At a luncheon given in the Duke's honour by the citizens of Belfast, the other day, Lord Dufferin proposed the health of His Royal Highness, and referred to the privilege which the Queen had conferred on her brave Irish soldiers, of wearing the shamrock,

as homage paid to their noble ardour, valour, and endurance. In reply, the Duke expressed his appreciation of the splendid bravery of the Irish regiments, and remarked that Her Majesty's visit was being made entirely of her own free-will, and with no political object, and he hoped his mother would spend at least three weeks in the Green Isle.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT,
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF HER MAJESTY'S FORCES IN IRELAND.

Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

*Future
Commander-in-
Chief.*

There is a remarkably interesting picture in the Royal collection in which the Duke of Wellington figures as sponsor of the infant Prince Arthur William Patrick Albert, with the Queen and Prince Consort looking on. Looking at the print of this fine painting, I have often wondered whether the Duke of Connaught would not some



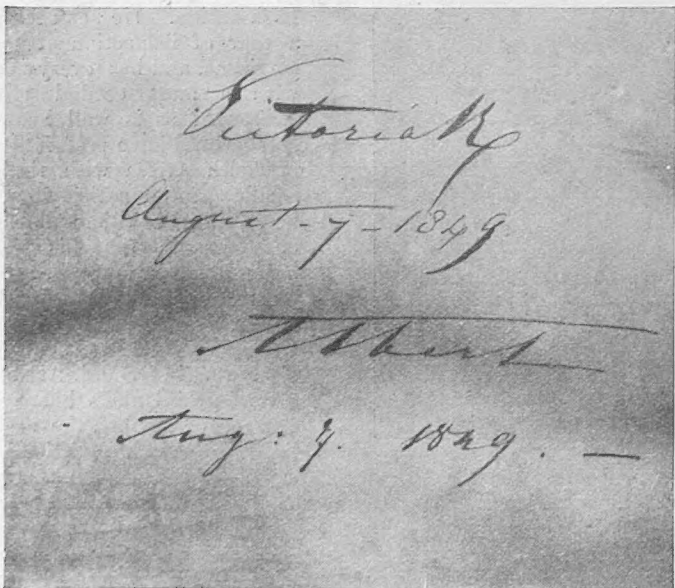
H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

day fill the important post of Commander-in-Chief, held so long with honour by the victor of Waterloo. His Royal Highness has displayed such extraordinary strategic ability in recent military manoeuvres, in which he has outwitted Generals whom it would be invidious to name, and has proved his high military capacity and thoroughness so well in responsible appointments in India and at Aldershot, that I feel certain the Duke of Connaught will sooner or later be entrusted with the chief command of the British Army. He has won the hearts of all he has come in contact with in Ireland, notably so on his visit to Cork last week.

*The Duchess of
Connaught.*

In the good work of inaugurating the new reign of closer friendship between Great Britain and Ireland, which we all hope will be brought about by the Queen's present visit, the Duke of Connaught will have a most willing and amiable helpmate in the fair daughter of "the Red Prince" (Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia). The Duke and Duchess of Connaught were married on March 13, 1879, and their wedded life has been of



SIGNATURES OF QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT
ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR VISIT TO IRELAND IN 1849.

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

uninterrupted happiness. They have three children—Prince Arthur, aged seventeen; and Princesses Margaret and Victoria.

*Autographs of Her
Majesty and the
late Prince
Consort.*

Particularly interesting to-day are *The Sketch* reproductions of Her Majesty's signature and that of the late Prince Consort on the occasion of the Royal visit to Ireland in 1849. Her Majesty, writing in her Journal in reference to her first visit to Ireland, says: "We visited Trinity College, the Irish University. Dr. Todd, the secretary and a very learned man, well versed in the Irish language, showed us some most interesting ancient manuscripts and relics, including St. Columbus' book ('The Book of Kells'), in which we wrote our names. The library is a very handsome room, like that in Trinity College, Cambridge."

*Dublin Theatre
Royal.*

What historic nights at the play are recalled by the view of the exterior of the Dublin Theatre Royal printed on this page! Some of the fun and frolic associated with this popular playhouse is commented on in a special article by a skilful actor and writer in this week's *Sketch*. The Royal and Gaiety both have particularly bright fare for the thousands of loyal visitors who are thronging Dublin this right royal week. At the Royal, that exceedingly diverting and clever comic opera from the



THEATRE ROYAL, DUBLIN: COURTEOUSLY SENT BY MR. ARTHUR ARMSTRONG, THE MANAGER.

Photo by Glover, Dublin.

French, "La Poupée," has succeeded "Trilby"; and at the Gaiety "The Gay Grisette" follows "Dorothy," whose melodious numbers charmed the city last week.

*The Queen and
Ireland.*

Of the Queen's first visit to Ireland, Greville writes in his journal on Aug. 14, 1849, as follows: "I saw Lord Lansdowne last night, just returned from Ireland, having had an escape on the railroad, for the train ran off the rail. He said nothing could surpass the success of the Queen's visit in every respect, every circumstance favourable, no drawbacks or mistakes, all persons and parties pleased, much owing to the tact of Lord Clarendon, and the care he had bestowed on all the arrangements and details, which made it also go off so admirably. The Queen herself was delighted, and appears to have played her part uncommonly well. Clarendon, of course, was overjoyed at the complete success of what was his own plan, and satisfied with the graciousness and attention of the Court to him. In the beginning, and while the details were in preparation, he was considerably disgusted at the petty difficulties that were made; but he is satisfied now. Lord Lansdowne said the Queen's departure was quite affecting, and he could not see it without being moved, and he thinks beyond doubt that this visit will produce permanent good effects in Ireland. All accounts represent the material prospects of the country to be better."

*Absence of
Ceremonial.*

Of the three visits which the Queen has already paid to Ireland, the most interesting appears to have been the seven days' visit, commencing Aug. 24, 1861, when she was accompanied by the Prince Consort and the Royal children. During this visit there was an entire absence of

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SOME CHARMING LADIES OF THE EMERALD ISLE.

From Photographs by Lafayette, Dublin.



LADY HELEN STEWART.



LADY LURGAN, THE VICEROY'S DAUGHTER.



LADY CAREW.



LADY SOPHIE SCOTT.

Why not Follow the Queen's Example?

The splendid example set us by our beloved Sovereign should induce many of us, when on holiday thoughts intent, to turn our attention to the Emerald Isle. A great many people have very wisely decided to confine their attentions this summer to the United Kingdom, many portions of which are far too little known to the tourist who wishes



LEENANE HOTEL, KILLARY BAY, CONNEMARA.

to combine beauty of scenery with the other pleasures of travel. Those who have for years past paid a yearly visit to Switzerland may be assured that in the Highlands, and even more so in the whole of the Killarney district, they will find quite as much to delight them; and if the numerous British residents in Switzerland are to be believed, the land of William Tell must be anything save an agreeable place for either an Englishman or Englishwoman at the present time, for pro-Boer sympathies are simply rampant in every hotel and boarding-house. In some instances the British boarders have been obliged to ask to be allowed to take their meals in another room, in order to avoid the jeers and insults of the French and German visitors, as well as of the "native born," although the latter owe so much to the persistent favour bestowed by our tourists on Switzerland. English visitors to Ireland, however, may be well assured that no such unpleasant episodes are likely to occur, and, as to the hotel accommodation, they have only to turn to the lovely little views reproduced on this page of two well-known Irish holiday residences.

The Prince and Paris.

The rumour that the Prince of Wales had decided to abandon his visit to Paris for the opening of the Exhibition on April 14 (writes *The Sketch* correspondent in the "Gay City") caused something like a panic. If His Royal Highness does not come, he will be well advised. Even in 1889, I remember that the British flag at the inaugural ceremony was treated with silence, while that of Russia was cheered till its folds shook. Then there was only the old sore open regarding Egypt, but to-day there is a savage bitterness against England that would possibly be vented on the Prince if he were entertained as guest of the Republic and escorted everywhere by soldiers.

"*L'Aiglon*." I am sorry to hear that Rostand's "*L'Aiglon*" is not the success for Sarah Bernhardt that she relied upon during two years of hard study. One of the proprietors of the box-offices in the Opera Quarter told me the other day that tickets for the piece were down at face-value, and that on no occasion had there been a demand equal to those for "*Cyrano de Bergerac*," by the same



THE MIDLAND GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY'S HOTEL, MALLARANNY, CLEW BAY, WESTPORT, MAYO.

From Photographs by R. Welch, Belfast.

author The mystery is, "Why does Bernhardt, in the latter days of her career, persist in adopting men's characters?" As Lorenzaccio she was passable; as Hamlet she courted comparison with Mounet-Sully, who treated the Prince of Denmark as a violent, hot-blooded man, while she gave him the character of a Sherlock Holmes individual, always on the watch. The critics gave Mounet-Sully the honours of the interpretation. As the Duc de Reichstadt, I am at a loss to thoroughly understand what either she or Rostand intends to convey in "*L'Aiglon*" as to the real character of Napoleon's son. If Rostand had only elaborated the rôle of Marie Louise instead of that of the son, he might have given to Sarah one of the finest creations in her career. As it is, she can now see that there is another failure ahead.

Poor Yvette.

It is sad to read of the sorrows of Yvette Guilbert. For the last four months she has been hovering between life and death, and more often closer to the skulled one than one cares to think. Operations to begin with, only to be followed by pleurisy and pneumonia; and then, as if that were not enough, to wake up and find her *chambre à coucher* in flames, with firemen all round her. She has yet a month between the sheets, and all she sighs for is a glimpse of the country, where, with her husband, she could rest in peace. Talking to a friend the other day, she philosophised in her strange way: "How little we appreciate health when we have got it; but how terrible it is when it has gone! Yes, I made them laugh at the Scala, I know, a few weeks ago. I was the only one that did not laugh. Death was in my body. I felt it, and knew it. *Eh bien! Que voulez-vous? Ça arrive à tout le monde.*" Fortunately for the brightness of nations, the doctors are convinced that the worst is over, and that all will be well in a very short space of time—six weeks at the most. Yvette told me once that the only ambition that she had in life was to go away and forget it all. She had dreams of a quiet little village, where she could take a villa and spend her time in attending to the flower-beds and watching the progress of the growth of the vegetables.



AN IRISH JAUNTING-CAR.

She has never forgotten her friends when she was an employée at the Printemps, and two years ago, when she heard that their annual dinner was fixed at a certain restaurant, she drove down in her brougham and sang to them till her throat was dry and the hands of her old comrades were blistered by applauding her. Her return to health and voice will be welcomed by everyone.

Kronjé a Frenchman.

After collecting two or three hundred pounds to present a sword of honour to Kronjé, Henri Rochefort came to the conclusion that the readers of *L'Intransigeant* should know what they were about. Accordingly, he sent the young artist to whom he had confided the contract to Brussels to hunt up Leyds and interview him on many points. From what I hear, Leyds says that the yellow-and-red flags that Lucien Millevoye has been selling at the *Patrie* office are frauds, and that the real colours are blue, white, and red in horizontal bars; that Kronjé's name is spelt "Cronjé" (with an accent), and that "Cronjé" is really a Frenchman. The handle of the sword will accordingly be enamelled in blue, white, and red.

Garibaldi in France.

Garibaldi had a statue raised to him last month at Dijon. The great Italian patriot came to the aid of France in the war of 1870. He led the Army of the Vosges and defended Dijon successfully against the Prussians, and it is in grateful memory of this service that the people of Dijon have raised the statue. But glory, even posthumous, is not without alloy, and the good people of Dijon are not a unit in their opinion. It is reported that a party of students interrupted the inauguration with cries of "Down with Garibaldi!"; while the walls of the city were covered with red placards, headed "The Truth about Garibaldi," in which it was declared that, far from having defended the city, he was responsible for the loss of the French army. Thus there exist already opposite opinions on a matter of history capable of being demonstrated by eye-witnesses. How will it stand in fifty years?

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PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG, WHO ACCOMPANIES THE QUEEN ON HER VISIT TO IRELAND.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, NEW BOND STREET, W.

THE LATE FIELD-MARSHAL SIR DONALD STEWART.

ON Monday, March 26, England was deprived—in the death at Algiers of Field-Marshal Sir Donald Martin Stewart, G.C.B.—of a soldier who had served her faithfully and well for sixty years. During the whole of this long period he devoted himself to furthering the Cause of the Empire and making the name of his Sovereign and Country respected to an extent that has seldom been equalled, and certainly never surpassed, by any of his contemporaries. Indeed, it is not too much to say that, but for the unsparing devotion to duty and military genius of the late Sir Donald, our present firmly established hold on India would, in great measure, be wanting.

A FARMER'S SON.

Like so many other splendid soldiers who have risen to eminence in their glorious profession, Sir Donald Stewart owed his success entirely to his own exertions. As for "family influence," he had none. His father was a Perthshire farmer, whose son was, so far as is known, the first of his race to enter the Army. He had no influential relatives to purchase promotion for him or to secure him Staff appointments. On the contrary, when he joined the 9th Bengal Infantry, in the year 1840, at the age of sixteen, it is doubtful if "the Company" bore on its muster-rolls the name of a poorer or more friendless officer.

BETTER THAN MONEY.

In one thing, however, the new cadet was richly endowed. This was in brains. Like so many other Scotchmen, he had been educated at the University of Aberdeen, and thus, when he went out into the world to "fend for himself"—as they say in his native Perthshire—he was equipped for the task with something better than mere money.

DUTY BEFORE PLEASURE.

Almost from the outset of his career, the young officer's mental attainments stood him in good stead. Thus, while his companions were leading the usual pleasure-seeking life of the Indian officer of fifty years ago, Donald Stewart applied himself to learning the native languages. In a very short time he had mastered a number of these, and thus attracted the favourable attention of the authorities at Headquarters.

A FORGOTTEN CAMPAIGN.

It was not until he had been in the Army for fourteen years, and gained the rank of Captain, that the future Indian Commander-in-Chief had his first experience of active service. The operations in which he took part were directed against the Mômunds, but, as the Crimean Campaign was in progress at the same time—and the War-Correspondent had not then penetrated to India—but little notice was taken of the expedition in question by people at home.

THE DARK DAYS OF '57.

Three years later, however, public attention was attracted to India by the sudden outbreak of the Mutiny. Among the native regiments who dishonoured their uniforms on this occasion, by treacherously throwing off their allegiance, was the 9th Bengal Infantry—Stewart's own corps. Full of eagerness to participate in the fierce torrent of fighting that his practised eye saw was bound to ensue, he journeyed post-haste to the headquarters of the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, and boldly asked for employment.

A FORTUNATE ARRIVAL.

Captain Stewart had timed his arrival to a nicety. Despatches of the highest importance were waiting conveyance to the Commander-in-Chief at Delhi. So dangerous was the duty of carrying them that it was determined that only a volunteer should be employed on the task. Without a moment's hesitation, Captain Stewart undertook the mission.

A PERILOUS VENTURE.

The journey to Delhi occupied eleven days, every hour of which was fraught with peril to the gallant despatch-bearer. Wide detours had to be made *en route* to avoid the enemy, who swarmed throughout the country, and frequently it became necessary to seek shelter in the jungle. Despite difficulties and dangers, however, he reached his goal at last, and delivered his precious charge to the proper authority.

MEETING WITH "BOBS."

In recognition of the gallant and devoted manner in which he had executed his mission, Captain Stewart was almost immediately appointed to the Staff of the Delhi Field Force. One of his confrères, but serving with the Artillery Division, was Lord Roberts, V.C., then a comparatively unknown young officer.

SERVING WITH COLIN CAMPBELL.

After the fall of Delhi, Stewart—who had, in the meantime, been promoted to the rank of Major—was transferred to Sir Colin Campbell's command, and with that gallant countryman of his performed signal service in assisting to stamp out the flame of rebellion. When at length this had been achieved, Donald Stewart's future was assured.

THE AWARD OF MERIT.

Thus, when in 1867 a capable Commander was wanted for the Bengal Brigade which was organised to accompany Sir Robert Napier in the expedition to Magdala, the choice naturally fell upon Sir Colin Campbell's ex-Staff Officer.

A GRATEFUL NATION.

For his distinguished services, Sir Donald was, in 1880, created a Baronet, and awarded the thanks of both Houses of Parliament. In 1881 he received what, no doubt, he held in far higher estimation than anything else—namely, the appointment of

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN INDIA.

During the five years that he occupied this high post, Sir Donald was instrumental in vastly increasing the efficiency of the native Army. When, in 1885, he retired, it was to his old friend and comrade—Lord Roberts—that he handed over the reins of office.

ADMINISTRATIVE SERVICES.

To a man of the late Sir Donald's tremendous mental and bodily activity, any period of idleness was naturally impossible. For ten years, accordingly, after his retirement, he placed his great experience and abilities at the disposal of his country by serving as a member of the Council of India. In 1894 he became a Field-Marshal. On March 29 in the following year he was appointed Governor of

THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA.

Here, among the war-worn veterans of this famous institution, with many of whom he had served on the stricken field in the East, the late Field-Marshal appropriately spent the evening of his days. He is succeeded in the baronetcy by his eldest son, Colonel Norman Stewart, of the Indian Staff Corps.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

EASTER SUNDAY will be the eighteenth anniversary of Rossetti's death, and I hope some kind pilgrim will remember to put flowers on his grave at Birchington, for a more desolate spot I have seldom seen in any churchyard. The small, neglected mound near the church-door, hidden from the path by a thick growth of laurustinus, which rises almost to the height of its weather-beaten monument, always seems to the visitor an unworthy memorial of so great a genius. In the tearing east wind of March, with grey sky overhead and grey seas moaning round, the impression is unutterably mournful. The laurustinus at this season is without light or colour, and, although crocuses, primroses, and daffodils grow abundantly in other parts of the churchyard, not one has been planted near the poet's grave. Villagers say there are many in the place who would gladly care for it, but fear to give offence to the relatives. Strangers from all parts of the world still visit Birchington. The bungalow where Rossetti lived is shut up at present, as the City gentleman who owns it does not come down till later in the spring.

Touching stories are told of how Miss Rossetti came frequently to the little seaside village in the years following her brother's death. After the completion of the memorial window, her visits grew rarer, till at last, with increasing ill-health, they ceased altogether. I was unable, by the way, to obtain any copies of Rossetti's poems in Margate. The lettering on the runic cross looks to me as if it might be partially effaced before long. "Q" has been giving us a doleful picture of the tragedies which haunt the lives of poets, and his article in the *Speaker* might well have been written after a visit to Rossetti's grave.

Miss Betham-Edwards' new book, "Anglo-French Reminiscences, 1875-1899" (Chapman and Hall), gives a picture of Mr. Hamerton's life at Autun. She was surprised to find the great art-critic and apostle of beauty housed like a retired shopkeeper or small functionary. His home, the Pré Charmoy, "would hold a good-sized family; it possessed an acre of paddock and garden, it was within half-an-hour's walk of the town—so much could be said for the place, and no more. Needless to say that, if it lacked seductiveness, in equal degree was it free from vulgarity. Such a home might well satisfy most folks; that it should satisfy Mr. Hamerton seemed an enigma." The truth was that Mr. Hamerton had really two families to keep, for, as we are told in his Memoir, he generously allowed his mother-in-law a pension sufficient to enable her children to carry on their education.

Mr. Hamerton hated everything in the shape of display and ostentation. "A literary man," he once said to Miss Betham-Edwards, "ought to be well satisfied with earning five hundred a-year." "Simple in the extreme was family life at the Pré Charmoy. Between eight o'clock breakfast and mid-day *déjeuner*, Mr. Hamerton and his young daughter would help their maid, or maids, peasant-girls from the Morvan here trained for domestic service. With his own hands, the master groomed a favourite old pony he had not the heart to part with. His sons learned manual arts; above all, arts of self-help and independence."

Miss Betham-Edwards notes that in common conversation Mr. Hamerton gradually lost the English idiom. "Thus, when out for a walk one day, his dog was set upon by another, and he separated them by a free use of his umbrella. 'I should not have interfered,' he remarked when rejoining us, 'but I saw that the strange dog was getting the superiority.' Here a distinctly French idiom was substituted for the English." A few weeks before his death, when walking in the Rue de Rivoli with Miss Edwards, he denounced vivisection in the bitterest terms.



THE LATE FIELD-MARSHAL SIR DONALD STEWART, THE FAMOUS INDIAN VETERAN
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BAKER STREET, W.

IRISH THEATRES AND IRISH AUDIENCES.

THE Irish theatre is English. That's a bull, but it is true all the same. The Irish theatre is English, although the day may be at hand when, by the efforts of Mr. George Moore, the poetic Mr. Yeats, and their allies, the English theatre will be Irish.

The Irish theatres, however, are quite different. They are essentially Irish, and everybody who knows anything knows that the Irish are like eggs—either good or bad. The Irish theatres are either good or bad, except those that are indifferent, and, again, that is characteristically Irish.

Irish audiences, however, are all good. An Irishman will tell you that they are the best audiences in the world, yet do they differ in different parts of the country even as does the country itself.

Irish theatres, and therefore Irish audiences, are, from the point of view of the actor who spends his life in that dreariest of all pursuits, travelling from town to town, limited to fewer than he can tell on the fingers of both hands. Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Waterford, Limerick, and Londonderry are the only towns he deems worthy of mention, and theatrically, no doubt, they are the most representative and characteristic. A strong line divides those in the North from the others in the South. In the South, where the Celtic temperament so closely resembles the Latin, the people are as sensitive to emotion as quicksilver is to heat. The actor literally holds them in the hollow of his hand, and they become the puppets who dance to his piping or sit breathless under the magic mystery of his voice.

In the North, on the other hand, the emotional impulse of the people is by no means so acutely poised, and they become much more phlegmatic. Nothing could be more vividly contrasted than the difference, for example, between a Cork audience on the one hand and a Belfast audience on the other. In the former town the people are enthusiastic to the verge of noisiness, and their eagerness to applaud borders almost on noise for noise' sake. In Belfast, on the other hand, the people in the theatre are nearly, if not quite, as cold as they are in Scotland, and everybody knows what a Scotch audience is like. Indeed, from the actor's point of view, the change is by no means unlike that which would be felt by an individual who left the stimulating warmth of a Turkish-bath for the freezing reception of the Serpentine on a morning in midwinter.

Perhaps the most hearty audience in the whole of the United Kingdom for the

* APPRECIATION OF THE ACTOR'S ART IS A DUBLIN ONE,

and even those who would allege that this is too optimistic a statement will nevertheless concede that a Dublin audience is certainly one of the most delightful. If, in the words of the classic poet, it "has got to know you fast," still, when that cordial introduction is over, it literally takes the player to its heart and nurtures him with the warmth of its applause, and applause is as the breath of life to the actor. Whether, *pace* the famous Diderot paradox, the actor feels a lot or does not feel anything at all, he certainly appears to, for it is by this means he earns his salary, the consideration of his public, and the goodwill of his manager, and he likes his audience to show that it feels with him, and, like a tuning-fork, vibrate responsively to him.

How closely an Irish audience will take an actor into its affections has been shown conspicuously in many instances, but in none more convincingly than in the case of the delightful John Lawrence Toole, who when he crossed the Channel used to be dubbed O'Toole, and converted for the nonce into an Irishman.

Of the other towns approaching the first importance, theatrically, Waterford has an interest of its own, inasmuch as it is the only municipal theatre in the kingdom, and is, indeed, part of the Court House. How closely the stage on which mimic life is depicted approximates to the scene where the most acute realities of our existence are evolved may be judged by the fact that, one day, an actor who had been rehearsing in a comedy, left the theatre by one door, and, traversing a passage or two, entered the Court by another door, and there he found a man being tried on a capital charge. If ever comedy trod on the heels of tragedy, this certainly was a case in point.

When all is said and done, however, Dublin is, and long has been, the theatrical centre of interest, which clusters especially round the Theatre Royal, that stands on the site of the old theatre of that name, though the present building was at one time known as the Leinster Hall. During recent years, however, the Royal has been pressed in the race for popularity by the Gaiety Theatre.

The historian will tell you that the first theatre in Dublin was erected in 1634 by John Ogilby and James Shirley in Werburger Street, but was shut by the Lords Justices in the exercise of their discretion—another injustice to Ireland.

In 1662, Shirley opened the Smock Alley Theatre in what is now Essex Street, and there, among other famous actors, John Philip Kemble appeared. That house was once the scene of as amusing a display of versatility as was ever vouchsafed to an audience by a tragedian. The musicians struck, as even musicians will, when, after many promises, their salaries remained unpaid. They declared they would play no more that evening unless they received some portion of their wage. "Begorra, then I'll play myself," said the manager, who, not unlike the acting-managers of to-day, was playing the leading part in "Othello." All made up for the part, he left the stage, went into the orchestra, took up a violin, and played the necessary music while the carpenters were setting the scene, after which he resumed his impersonation of the noble Moor.

Irish wit is proverbial, and in the theatre, as out of it, its display

has furnished unrehearsed sources of laughter and of interest not set down in the bill, even to the detriment of the argument of the play which was then being considered. One night, two youths at the back of the gallery indulged, as Irish youths will, in a free-fight. When they were parted, one was dragged one way, and the other, borne on an elevated plane of uplifted hands, was carried to a man sitting in the very front row and was held suspended over the pit. In an instant the audience was hushed in patient, or impatient, expectation of his fall. Suddenly, the silence was broken by a shout from the other side of the gallery—

"DON'T WASTE HIM, PAT; KILL A FIDDLER WID 'IM!"

It was an instinct of that peculiarly economical characteristic of the nation which never wastes anything except its talent.

Another night, and the play ended with the disappearance of the evil genius through the stage into the Inferno, to the accompaniment of red fire and slow music. Unhappily, something happened to the trap, and, try as the men below would, they could not get it to move, and the actor stuck with his body half out of the yawning gulf. "Glory be to Heaven, Mike!" cried a youth in an ecstasy of joy to his comrade; "there is hope for us, for

THE PIT (HELL) IS FULL AT LAST!"

Nor are modern audiences less demonstrative than those composed of their forefathers. It was not so very long ago, when the Benson Company was playing in Dublin, that Mr. Benson received an altogether unexpected tribute to his talent in a most startling fashion. The scene was when Coriolanus comes on to the citizens to ask for their vote. Suddenly a huge cabbage, thrown from the gallery, hurtled through the air and fell at his feet. He picked it up and gave it to the hungry mob, which tore it to pieces, to discover within its heart a green sash with a pendent jewel. It was the offering of some enthusiastic Shaksperian who had taken this novel method of presenting it to the actor. When, at the close of the act, Mr. Benson appeared in front of the curtain wearing the gift, the applause redoubled, and for days people declared the actor had become a member of some secret society.

The ebullient emotion of the people has led, too, to some striking scenes not connected with the play or those engaged in it. Thus, in January 1831, on the occasion of a State visit by the Marquis of Anglesey to the Theatre Royal, a political demonstration was made in the house, and, cheers having been given for O'Connell and the Association, a barrister got up in the upper-boxes and made a spirited political speech as a prelude to the performance.

Among Irish audiences, Royalty has, hitherto, it must be confessed, been conspicuously absent, the only Royal visit with which the Theatre Royal, Dublin, was ever honoured having been that of George IV., on Aug. 22, 1821. So unwonted an occurrence naturally caused no little excitement. For two hours before the doors opened, ladies in all the glory of full-dress sat waiting in their carriages, to the delight of the spectators in the street; while those who were not fortunate enough to have bespoken places in advance and had to obtain unreserved seats had literally to fight for entrance, and during the struggle clothes were torn off, jewels were lost never to be found, and scenes of indescribable confusion occurred. Appropriately enough, the plays on that occasion were "The Duenna" and "St. Patrick's Day," the work of an Irish author who is one of the glories of the English stage.

To enumerate the actors who have graced the Irish stage would be to recall the list of every name famous in the annals of the theatre since its history has been written—the Kembles, the Keans, Macready, Phelps, Mathews, Buckstone, Sothorn, Toole, Irving, and all the actor-managers of the day.

Nor has Ireland been chary of her gifts to the English stage. If she is, at the moment, less prodigal of great actors than of great Generals, it is, perhaps, because the genius of the country runs to fighting rather than to acting, and though the people are by nature a race of comedians, their first instinct is—or, at all events, is popularly supposed to be—spoiling for a fight. Still, if names must be mentioned, there are Peg Woffington, the little orange-seller, who, starting in Madame Violante's theatre in George's Lane, became the rage of London; and Tyrone Power and Gustavus V. Brooke; and the list could be indefinitely extended, through the intervening years to our own time, to include the most brilliant of American actresses, Ada Rehan.

So is the eternal circuit completed, for, if the Irish theatre is English, the English theatre is often dominated by Irish genius, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan shares with William Shakspeare the immortal glories of the dramatist of the past. If Shakspeare was not an Irishman, it was not his fault; he was clever enough to be one, though what he lacked in constructive ability was more than made up by another son of Ireland, Dion Boucicault.

AN APRIL DAY.

Her wet hands filled with dainty flowers,
And apple-blossoms in her hair;
Now laughing sun, now weeping showers,
Then lilt of song-birds in the air.
The lashes, drooping, fringe her soft blue eyes,
Then flash with joy, like light of summer skies;
So, merry with its varied fret and play,
Goes sweeping past the fitful April day.—GEORGE DALZIEL.



MISS ADA REHAN, THE GREAT COMÉDIENNE IRELAND IS PROUD TO HAVE GIVEN BIRTH TO.

*"'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."—VIOLA IN "TWELFTH NIGHT," I., 5.
Thus did Shakspeare foresee the beauty of Limerick girls.*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

United Ireland—An Empire of Hearts—Up, Guards!—The Happiness of being Miserable—The Misery of being Happy—Modern Warfare and its Want of Tone—Newspaper Selling by Force Majeure.

YES. Ireland has ceased studying history even unto the third and fourth generation with anger and contempt, and crying out upon the misguided Ministry for the friction between Henry II. and Strongbow. It dissociates the Lifeguardsmen with the Queen from



SS. "HIBERNIA." OF THE LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN LINE BETWEEN HOLYHEAD AND DUBLIN.

those who suppressed the rebellion of '98. But this is remarkable. The Queen is England personified; when we cheer her we cheer ourselves

It is sympathy that has cast a glamour on this reign. It is because the Queen is glad when we are happy and weeps over our sorrows that our loyalty is frenzied, and stands the test of death itself. We hardly appreciate how much this has affected the conduct of the Irish regiments, and, therefore, the course of the War. In presence of this—in Ireland, above all—the most rabid malcontent is helpless. Why else is it that, sixty years ago, the very existence of the throne was threatened, and that anyone who looked for its abolition now would be thought a lunatic?

Ireland's peril in being freed from all her time-honoured grievances, no doubt, is real. They give her a national importance, and keep her from stagnation. There is no living with them—or without them. What would the lonely squire do bereft of his scandalous right-of-way case, the solace of his declining years, or the old lady without her baffling gouty-rheumatic-catarrhal complication? Take away Ireland's taxation, poverty, police, landlords, law-courts, and the other dark blots upon the distracted country, but leave her a grievance or two. How dull it would be with a Ministry of All the Talents and no ritualism (or the reverse), teetotalism, anti-vaccination, afternoon receptions, or frontier squabbles! And how ruinous to the newspapers!

The Irish "Gyards" may be a *fait accompli* much sooner than expected. Recruiting may begin in Ireland at any moment, for simply to take the pick of the Irish regiments at "the front" would make the term of service different from that of all the other Guards regiments. What are they to be called—Pretorian Guards, Blackg—(no, not that, of course), anything except Rear Guards. The Irish sharpshooting corps is sure to be a success if formed in the disaffected districts, where the peasantry are believed to be dead-shots, and accustomed to find cover readily. Local landlords are enthusiastic for recruiting to begin at once. But why this surprise at Irish gallantry? Humour and fighting power notoriously go together.

London's rehearsals for "Pretoria Day" are sure to make the celebration a satisfactory one. The madding crowd will be well-advised to buy east-iron suits of clothes and hats; then, with some thousand bushels of flags and millions of rockets, it can produce

a sort of aggravated Bank Holiday with complications. Unprotected soldiers and sailors and all relations of popular Generals will be secured in bomb-proof shelters. The "halls" will simply be let out as parks in which the frenzied proletariat, at five shillings a-head, can hear itself cheer. Woe be to the pro-Boer in those days!

It is significant that these celebrations occur at night. They must be of the crowd that works in the daytime—the lower orders. They are really our rulers; it is their war, and they like to see it a success. Ladysmith day was as orderly as a modern battlefield. War was formerly an aristocratic amusement; to-day it is a democratic struggle for existence.

It is the difference between the French gentleman's duel and the English rough's prize-fight—in results and everything else. It must have been the King and Princes of the Blood in olden times who used to go out, after a victory, with flags and concertinas, and batter people's hats, while the serfs and villeins got up rowdy peace-meetings, or yawned out of shop-windows and thought the whole thing, if not hysterical, a bore. Nothing so plebeian as trade followed the flag. The use of cavalry in war, as *Punch* says, is to give tone to what would otherwise be a mere vulgar brawl.

London's grievances are being redressed in an alarming way. The search-light and flash-light advertisement are now by by-law forbid to grow on English ground, and this week—is it not?—a fine comes into force for the crying of newspapers to the discomfort of the listeners. Why does not the County Council attack that greater evil—in the suburbs people like the papers to be cried—the selling of them? In Piccadilly and the Strand the newsboy looks on himself as a nuisance whose hostility is to be bought off. If a tailor were to rush out to the step of your cab or carriage and flourish patterns in your face with an unintelligible yell, you would agitate for the ordinary methods of trade. Why not keep the newsboy, like the hawker, off the footpath? Surely we can decide for ourselves when we want a paper. *The Sketch* is never sold in this way, and yet the public buys it very largely.

HILL ROWAN.

The Duke of Buccleuch, like many another noble of the land, has a number of relatives serving just now in South Africa; and to the second of the four sons of the Duke who are bearing arms a signal honour has been shown. When the Union Jack was hoisted in Bloemfontein, the War-Correspondents wired home that the act was performed by Lord George Scott. This, it turns out, was an error, Lord George being at the time in hospital at Cape Town. It was Lord Herbert Andrew Scott who, with the aid of Commander the Hon. H. J. Fortescue, R.N., sent the flag to the halyard. Lord Herbert is twenty-eight.



KINGSTOWN HARBOUR: THE LANDING-STAGE FOR THE ROYAL YACHT.

Photo by Lawrence.



PHENIX PARK, AND THE GOUGH STATUE.



The Castle Chapel.

DUBLIN CASTLE.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE, DUBLIN



TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAWRENCE, DUBLIN.



SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN. WITH O'CONNELL MONUMENT IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE, AND NELSON COLUMN IN BACKGROUND.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.

SOME OF IRELAND'S BEAUTY-SPOTS.



MUCKROSS ABBEY. KILLARNEY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY AND CO., LTD., CORK.



GLENDALOUGH. THE VALLEY OF THE SEVEN CHURCHES.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAWRENCE, DUBLIN.



MISS HILDA MOODY AS POPPY IN "SAN TOY," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

THE DOWNFALL OF CRONJÉ: SCENES IN SIMON'S TOWN.

From Photographs by W. S. Gillard, Simon's Town, South Africa.



ARRIVAL OF COMMANDANT CRONJÉ, HIS WIFE, GRANDSON, SECRETARY, AND ADJUTANT, IN SIMON'S TOWN.

They are on their way to the "Doris," where they were confined. Cronjé can be seen on the back-seat of the Cape cart. His little Kaffir servant-boy is just behind him. His Secretary is getting into the vehicle. Mrs. Cronjé is in front of her husband. The vehicle was escorted from the station by bluejackets.



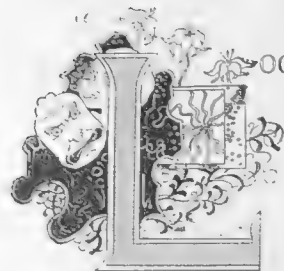
THE SECOND BATCH OF PRISONERS CAPTURED ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF CRONJÉ'S FORCE, WHILST TRYING TO EFFECT A JUNCTION WITH CRONJÉ.

They are here shown entering Simon's Town as Prisoners of War.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE TAYLE OF THE BEAR

BY ALICK MUNRO.



LOOK here, you chaps," remarked Warren, looking up from the *Sportsman*; "Tony Wishart's going pretty strong. Eight hundred for a three-year-old out of a selling plate. Where does he get the tin?"

"Stole it, perhaps," murmured Highfield, who was a cynic.

"Or brought off a run of good things," suggested Warburton, who posed as an amateur of the Turf.

"Perhaps Eldricks can enlighten us," said Warren. "Come, Eldricks, you and Tony used to be pretty thick; can you solve the riddle?"

Eldricks, the grave-looking young man whose three-months' old moustache struggled vainly to hide an ugly scar on his lip, looked up at this direct question.

"Why do you want to know?" he asked.

"Childlike thirst for knowledge, my boy," replied Warren. "Is there a story?"

"Yes."

"Then out with it. A man with a story to tell is a debtor to society until he has disgorged," pronounced Warren sagely; and the others endorsed the opinion.

Eldricks hesitated a moment. "Well," he said at length, "perhaps there's no reason why I should keep it dark, as Tony doesn't. You remember Madge Earle?"

"Remember Madge Earle?" exclaimed Warburton. "The little girl who entered for the matrimonial stakes with Tony? Ran well, too, but fell just on the post! My boy, we do!"

"She and I between us made Wishart's fortune."

"Then he ought to have married her," declared Warren decidedly. "Base ingratitude, I call it!"

The others made various comments, each one after his kind.

Eldricks, however, took no notice of the interruptions. "It's just four months," he went on, "since Tony inherited Calverton Priory. He promptly installed his mother to keep house for him, and asked a large party down to a house-warming. Miss Earle was one of the guests, and I was another. Now, though Calverton Priory is a fine place, it was mortgaged for rather more than the biggest bid that was likely to be offered for it; consequently, to a pauper like Tony, the inheritance was somewhat of a white elephant.

"But Tony is a light-hearted chap, and if the Jews' fingers around his throat were uncomfortably tight, he didn't let the fact interfere with his spirits or his appetite. He admitted that his postal address required the addition of the words 'Queer Street,' and laughingly asked us to sympathise. Instead, we chaffed him; whereupon he retaliated by saying he'd got the master trump up his sleeve, and would soon be able to buy up the lot of us. We were politely or rudely incredulous, according to the degree of our intimacy, and in the end Tony offered to bet old Major Tolland a level five hundred that on that day next year Calverton Priory would be free from debt of every kind.

"Now, the Major is a prudent man, and the mortgage on the Priory was nearly thirty-five thousand. He at once booked the bet.

"After the rest of the party had dropped off to bed, Tony and I were left together in the smoking-room. I was just on the point of asking what he meant by his hints of future wealth, when he started the subject himself—

"You thought me a fool, Eldricks, for making that bet?"

"H-m!" said I drily. "Can you afford it?"

"I shall win," he replied. "Look here, Eldricks, what do you make of this?"

"He laid a scrap of yellow parchment before me, and on it, in characters so faded as to be almost as yellow as the parchment itself, were written these words: '*Hide and couple in a transparent denne the eagle and the lyon; shut the doore close; so that their breathe go not out, and strange ayre enter not in. The eagle at their meeting will tear in pieces and devour the lyon, and then be taken with a long sleepe.*'"

"I looked up at Tony for an explanation.

"Turn over," he said.

"I looked at the back of the parchment. Here, too, there was writing, but in much darker ink, and evidently of a later date than the other."

"Thus sayeth the booke, and thus have I, John Wishart, donne. The eagle, a mighty beaste and of goodly weight, lyeth asleepe in the ground; the horned beaste his eye, and the bear his tayle do give the lyne; the distance be ninety and seven fathoms; the yeare be the yeare of fyre; the night be the eve of Martinmas; and the houre be twelve."

"Well?" asked Tony eagerly.

"It's beyond me," said I. "Where did you get it?"

"In the strong-box which contains the Priory title-deeds. That bit of sheepskin is the only part of my legacy that isn't in the Jews' hands; and, if I am to believe a document which was enclosed with it, it's worth all the rest put together."

"The document explains the mystery?"

"No, that's the difficulty. It merely insists on the great value of this scrap of parchment, and enjoins that it is to be carefully preserved and handed down to the successive heirs of John Wishart, Esquire, until one of them has the wisdom to interpret it."

"And you intend to be that Solomon?" I asked.

"Why not?"

"You've got some theory, then?"

"Yes; I can see through the first part, at any rate. I've been looking up an old book on alchemy, and I find that the lion is gold and the eagle is mercury, and the eagle devouring the lion and then taking a nap is merely a picturesque way of saying that an amalgam of the two can be formed. The "transparent denne" is obviously a glass retort."

"By Jove!" I exclaimed. "I believe you're right."

"So far—I'm sure I am; but the writing on the other side gruels me. That my respected ancestor, John Wishart, made a large lump of this gold amalgam, and buried it somewhere for the benefit of his poor descendants in general, and the individual pauper, Tony Wishart, in particular, seems obvious enough; but what does the old fool mean by the horned beast's eye and the bear's tail? It beats me."

"Didn't I see a unicorn over that drinking-fountain on the tennis-lawn?"

"Yes," said Tony. "I thought of him; but, then, the bear? There isn't such an animal to be found nearer than the "Zoo," and I can't discover any indication that there ever has been one."

"You've made inquiries?"

"Yes, but without result. What do you suggest?"

"That you keep your thumb on what you believe, for the present."

"You think there's something in it, then?"

"I do. Have you mentioned your theory to anyone else yet?"

"Only to my mother and Madge Earle."

"What do they say?" I asked.

"That, if there ever was a treasure, it must have been grubbed up long ago."

"No," said I. "I don't think so. The very fact that the document has been preserved ought to mean that no one of your ancestors was cute enough to read the riddle."

"Exactly!" said Tony eagerly. "Just what I say! Tell you what; we'll go and have a look at that unicorn to-morrow, and see if, between us, we can't worm the secret out of him."

"A sudden thought occurred to me. 'By the way, isn't this Martinmas Eve?' I asked.

"So it is! The night the old chap speaks of! Queer!"

"An omen of success!" I declared confidently. "Well, good-night, Tony; I'm sleepy."

"Good-night, old chap. You know your quarters."

"I went to my room, but, somehow, didn't feel inclined to go to bed. My window overlooked the tennis-court, and, though there was no moon, the stars shone out so bright and clear that I could almost trace the outline of the 'horned beaste' on the fountain at the other side of the lawn. I drew an arm-chair up to the window, and, without caring to turn up the gas, sat and watched the twinkling eyes of the angels shining down on me from the blackness above. It was nearly midnight, and it was an eerie thought that on this very night years ago the same laughing eyes had looked down on old John Wishart as he busied himself over the hiding of his eagle, drowsy after its heavy meal of gold. 'A mighty beaste and of goodly weight,' the parchment said. Then, if Tony could only find it, the cautious old Major would probably have to pay up his five hundred, after all. I thought of the wry face with which he would do it, and hoped I might be there to see."

"My meditations were interrupted. A shadow crept quietly across the grass, and was lost in the darkness under the drinking-fountain. I thanked my luck that I had not turned up the light when I came into the room."

"What did this mean? Was someone else trying to probe the secret of the unicorn's eye, or was it only one of the servants out on a midnight prow? I resolved to find out."

"My window was rather more than fifteen feet from the ground, but there was a rain-pipe handy, and there were lots of cracks and projecting knobs in the old walls, so the descent was easy. I managed to climb down silently, and, by creeping along the edge of the shrubbery, got within a few yards of the fountain without disturbing my quarry."

"Just as my feet touched ground, the tower-clock slowly chimed the warning quarters before clanging out the hour of midnight. I had a feeling that I was on the edge of a discovery."

"Meanwhile, the shadow I was tracking was busy. In the gloom I could not make out more than that it was either a woman, or a man in a long dressing-gown. He or she was quietly climbing to the top of the fountain. Before the voice of the big bell had hummed itself to sleep after the last stroke of twelve, the figure reached the level of the unicorn. I got an outline view of it against the sky. It was a woman!"

"For full half-a-minute she stood, with her head pressed close against the cold stone of the unicorn's face. Was she trying a new cure for headache?"

"Presently she climbed down again, and, tying one end of what looked like a ball of string to the base of the fountain, marched off with



A KNOTTY POINT.

PAT (*who is celebrating the Queen's visit to Ireland*): One knot was to remind me to buy the whisky, and the other to take note of Her Majesty's bonnet for my old woman. But, be jabbers! Oi've clane forgotten which was which!

the rest of it to the northward. In her hand was a light spade. I gave up the headache theory on the spot!

"I let her put fifty yards or so between us, and then I followed, still keeping to the shelter of the bushes. She went straight ahead, holding strictly to one line, through bushes and over flower-beds, unrolling the string as she walked. I looked ahead to see what point she was making for. Straight in front was the constellation of Ursa Major, and that bit of string lay in an even line between the drinking-fountain and the last star of the constellation!

"*'The horned beast his eye and the bear his taylor,'* I murmured. 'Great Scott, of course!'—and nearly gave away the stalk by a low whistle.

"The lady, however, evidently hadn't heard it, for she forged straight ahead without a pause, too much excited, I expect, to keep her ears open.

"I rapidly gauged a distance of ninety-seven fathoms from the unicorn, and calculated that the string would just about reach to a clump of rhododendrons in front of us. By making a detour, I could be there before her, and could thus have a good view of further developments.

"My estimate turned out pretty accurate. I reached the clump unseen, and had just ensconced myself comfortably behind a big rhododendron, when, not ten feet from me, the end of the string slipped through her fingers and she came to a halt.

"Next, she pulled the line taut, so as to get the exact distance, and then began to dig furiously and rapidly. The soil was a loose gravel, and, amid the rattle of the small stones against her spade, I could easily have walked straight up to her unheard. Instead, I stayed where I was, and watched. For half-an-hour she kept the pace up without flagging once.

"Then the spade rang on something harder than the gravel. I parted the branches of my bush to get a better view. A few more spadefuls of loose stuff were thrown up—and then, she stopped. Had she found the gold? Evidently not; for I heard a little cry of despair, and she threw down her spade.

"She had dug down to the solid rock!

"Presently she jumped to her feet, and, jabbing the spade into the ground, tied the end of the string to it, and then, running the line through her fingers as she went, trotted the whole way back to the fountain. I didn't follow, as I knew she would come back, and I didn't want her to spot me—yet.

"She was back in two minutes, and, giving the string a few vicious tugs, measured her distance again. There was an increase of an inch or two in the new result; not enough to matter. I got a glimpse of her face as she gazed up at the Great Bear for inspiration, and I tell you a pretty woman's mouth twisted into ridges and knots with disappointment isn't a comforting sight."

"Then she started digging again, with an intermittent *obligato* of hysterical little sobs. I began to feel uneasy; the realism was being overdone, and I was seeing too much; so I decided to take my cue for entrance at once. I left my bush, and touched her on the shoulder.

"Now, this was imprudent, because a woman in hysterics isn't bound by the ordinary limits of muscular power. She rose, with a gasping shriek, swung her spade round hard, and caught me just where you see this scar on my lip. I dropped like a ninepin, and, before I got to my feet again, feeling dazed and sick, she was half-way to the house, and running like a Lillie Bridge sprinter. I gave chase, however, and caught her scrambling through the dining-room window.

"No, no, Miss Earle!" I said; 'I must have a few words with you before you retire to your room.'

"Mr. Eldricks! You?" she gasped. 'I thought——'

"That I was the ghost of John Wishart, perhaps?" said I drily. 'No, there's nothing supernatural about this adventure. In fact, I'm afraid you'll find its consequences uncomfortably mundane.' And I stared at her in a way which, under other circumstances, would have been rude.

"She understood. 'For heaven's sake, let me go!' she cried.

"I laughed. The cut on my lip hurt. I felt quite capable of being brutal.

"Miss Earle looked at me for a moment. She had plenty of grit, or she wouldn't have tried to take the line she now did.

"Mr. Eldricks," she said stiffly, 'will you kindly explain your meaning?'

"Certainly," I replied cheerfully. 'I learn from Tony Wishart that you are one of the four people who know of the existence of a buried treasure. To him you express disbelief in the story; and yet, when most of the world is asleep, I catch you trying to steal——'

"Stop!" she cried imperiously.

"I shrugged my shoulders. 'You asked for the explanation,' I remarked carelessly.

"You can prove nothing!" she declared, facing me defiantly. 'If I tell Tony I was acting for him, he will believe me.'

"The impudence of the avowal was delightful; I could not help admiring her. 'No,' I admitted, 'I can't prove it; but—I can and will tell the story.'

"No," she said, with a winning smile, which showed no trace of the effort it must have cost her, 'you won't, because I shall agree to your terms.'

"Good!" said I. 'Then I may expect you to receive an urgent telegram to-morrow morning?'

"Ah! So you think me dangerous?"; and she laughed softly.

"Yes," I said, 'very—to Tony Wishart.'

"You're a man of discernment, Mr. Eldricks; I'm sorry for that cut on your lip.'

"Thank you," I replied stiffly, 'I don't require your sympathy, and I needn't detain you further.'

"Oh, come, you've had your way, so you oughtn't to be sulky! I wish you a very good night, Mr. Eldricks!'

"Next morning, Miss Earle announced that she must leave us at once. Her mother had been taken seriously ill, and she had been sent for. She was 'so sorry to break up the party in this horrid way; but poor mother, you know——!' She looked very well with the tears standing in her eyes.

"Tony was all sympathy; insisted on driving her to the station, and made her promise to come back as soon as her mother's health allowed. I didn't interfere. I wasn't afraid that she'd keep that promise.

"When Tony returned, looking rather glum, I buttonholed him, and took him to see Madge Earle's excavation. I told him the story, and tried not to betray my fear that he would take it badly. He heard me to the end, and then informed me, with some amount of emphasis, that he was damned. I never felt so much relieved in my life!

"I had expected him, at least, to resent the part I had played; but he didn't. His chief feeling seemed to be one of chagrin: first, because he had allowed a girl to fool him, and, secondly, because, apparently, Miss Earle's plausible reading of the parchment was wrong. And I rather fancy the second was the greater grief of the two.

"Eldricks," he said, poking the loose gravel with his stick; 'we'll enlarge this hole.'

"No use. You won't find anything.'

"Why not? Madge's measurements may not have been quite accurate; or, for that matter, old John Wishart's ninety-seven fathoms may be a foot or two out; but, making due allowance for possible inaccuracies, I don't see how we can get a better reading of the parchment.'

"Miss Earle made one very important mistake," said I.

"Which was?'

"I'll tell you when I've shown you where the gold is. Have you a mariner's compass?'

"Yes.'

"May I have it for a moment?'

"Certainly.'

"We fetched the compass and carried it to the fountain. I took a piece of string, and, dropping a perpendicular from the unicorn's eye to the ground, got Tony to drive in a peg where the string touched the earth. With the help of the compass and a tape-measure, I put in a second peg at a distance of ten feet due north of the first one, and also a third peg ten feet along the line between peg Number One and Miss Earle's pit. Then I measured carefully the distance between pegs two and three, and recorded it in my note-book.

"Now, Tony," I said, 'may I ask you to drive me to the station?'

"What on earth for?" asked Tony, who had watched my movements in complete bewilderment.

"I've got a theory. If I'm right, I'll come back in two days and explain; if I'm wrong, I'll send you a post-card.'

"Exactly two days from that time, I was again standing with Tony on the spot where Miss Earle's spade had grassed me. I busied myself once more with tape-line and compass, while Tony watched, and swore softly to himself at what he called my confounded closeness in not letting a fellow know what I was driving at.

"Without heeding him, I went on with my measurements, and finished by driving my walking-stick into the ground some little distance from Madge Earle's pit.

"Dig there, Tony," I said, 'and I think I can promise you'll beat the lady's luck, at any rate.'

"The gold?" he cried eagerly.

"Yes. And, before you begin, I may as well explain why I am confident that this is the spot. Miss Earle was right, you see, in everything but one little point; she forgot that a couple of centuries make a difference in the position of a star—not much, of course, but, enough, in a distance of ninety-seven fathoms, to make her calculation a good bit out.'

"Now, to correct this, it was necessary to know the exact date when the gold was buried, and John Wishart was not the man to deny us the information. 'The yeare of fyre,' he says, and, as he lived in the seventeenth century, I take it that there can be no doubt that he means the year 1666, when London was burned. Now, you see the object of my measurements from the unicorn's eye? I got a triangle, of which I knew exactly the length of the two sides and the base, and from these it was easy to calculate the angle at the apex. These figures I took to an astronomical friend; explained the circumstances to him, and got him to correct my angle for the date Nov. 11, 1666, and to show me what the error would amount to in a distance of ninety-seven fathoms. That walking-stick marks the result of the calculation.'

"Hurrah!" cried Tony; 'then spades is trumps this deal!'—and started digging wildly. I forgave his grammar, and followed his example.

"In half-an-hour we stopped. My sum was not three feet out; and in consequence, Tony is now able to excite you youngsters' envy by giving large prices for three-year-olds, and Major Tolland will have to pay him £500. I intend, moreover, to be one of the witnesses when he does."



MISS CISSIE CRAWFORD IN "THE MESSENGER BOY."
Photo by Doney, Ebury Street, S.W.



MISS MARGARET FRASER IN "THE MESSENGER BOY."
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MISS BRITTA GRIFFIN, WHO PLAYS MISS M'CLOSKIE'S MAID
IN "NURSE!"
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT, WHO PLAYS ETHEL CARLTON IN
"HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR."
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

HOW IRELAND HAS HELPED TO GAIN THE EMPIRE.

Irish Soldiers on British Battlefields—The "Devil's Own" and the "Faugh-a-Ballaghs" in the Peninsula—Helping to Win India—The Fighting Fusiliers.

THERE is no occasion to seek an explanation for the gallantry of Ireland's sons when they meet the foe in the field, for everyone knows that the Irishman takes to fighting as a duck does to water. Wherever, equally with whenever, they have crossed swords with an enemy, this has been the case. It is, accordingly, a matter for lasting regret that in the past it was not always in the Empire's cause that their splendid qualities were employed. No one, however, has regretted this more than has England herself. Thus, at Fontenoy, the extraordinary valour of the Irish Brigade that won the day for the French caused King George to exclaim, "Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects!"

Fortunately, times change, and laws too. As a result, accordingly, the soldiers of the Emerald Isle have since those far-off days fought side by side with their English and Scotch comrades-in-arms on innumerable battlefields. In connection with this, it is not too much to say that in every such instance the part played by the Irish contingent has been largely instrumental in building up the mighty Empire over which floats the British flag. Indeed, there is scarcely an engagement—from Blenheim to Bloemfontein, or from Plassey to, shall one say, Pretoria?—recorded in our history in which at least one regiment composed of Ireland's brave sons has not been present.

IRISH CAVALRY CORPS.

To begin with the cavalry. Take, for instance, that fine corps, the 4th (Royal Irish) Dragoon Guards, its roll of battle honours begins with the Peninsula and ends with Tel-el-Kebir. In the interval it charged at Balaklava, and performed good service in various garrisons in England and Ireland. In its earliest days—it was raised so long ago as the year 1685—it fought in Flanders (where, no doubt, it was one of those that "swore terribly"), and was known as "The Duke of Hamilton's Regiment of Horse."

Another Dragoon corps of Irish origin is the 6th Inniskilling. It fought at Dettingen and Waterloo, and again in the Crimea, when it formed a part of General Scarlett's Brigade that charged so splendidly at Balaklava.

Other Irish cavalry regiments (or, at any rate, regiments raised in Ireland) which have ably assisted to teach Britain's enemies that the Emerald Isle breeds fighting-men of the best are the 5th and 9th Lancers and the 8th and 18th Hussars. The two Lancer regiments have no less than seventeen distinct "battle honours" credited to them in combination, while the Hussar ones have ten. Among the hotly contested fields on which they have fought have been those of Blenheim, Waterloo, Sobraon, and Inkerman.

IRISH INFANTRY AND "BATTLE HONOURS."

In the case of Irish infantry regiments, this possession of "honours"—as is technically termed the names of all battles emblazoned on their colours—is even more pronounced. Thus, one of them—the Royal Irish Rifles—has sixteen, while another—the Connaught Rangers—has eighteen, and no single one of them has less than at least a dozen.

"THE DEVIL'S OWN" IN THE PENINSULA.

Raised originally in 1793, the old 88th Foot—now the 1st Battalion the Connaught Rangers—have earned for themselves a reputation for gallantry and devotion to duty that has been surpassed by no other regiment in the Queen's Service. Indeed, from their very formation they displayed such sterling valour in the field that that tough old war-dog, General Picton, promptly dubbed them "The Devil's Own"—a sobriquet which has ever since stuck to them. On the sanguinary field of Busaco, in 1810, the veterans of Marengo and Austerlitz were beaten back in twenty minutes by the brave Connaught lads. "I never witnessed a more gallant attack than that made by the 88th," wrote Wellington in his official despatches of that grim day's work. At Fuentes d'Onor, too, the same corps put Napoleon's Old Guard to rout. "Is Colonel Wallace, of the 88th, present?" asked Lord Packenham anxiously, for things were looking rather black for the British troops at the moment. When his A.D.C. answered in the affirmative, his face lighted up. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "tell him to come along with his men, then, and drive the fellows out of it; he will do it properly." That the confidence was abundantly justified is a matter of common knowledge.

"THE FAUGH-A-BALLAGHS" AT BARROSA.

In no way behind the old 88th are the old 87th, which, with the old 89th, now forms The Royal Irish Fusiliers. The eagle, surmounted by a laurel wreath, that it bears on its regimental colour is one of the corps' most cherished distinctions. It was gained at the Battle of Barrosa, where the then second battalion was commanded by Major Hugh Gough, afterwards Lieutenant-General Viscount Gough, G.C.B. In the heat of the engagement, Sergeant Patrick Masterton captured, in hand-to-hand combat, the Imperial Eagle of a French Infantry Regiment. For this gallant deed he was promoted to a commission on the field. Lieutenant-General Graham, who was in command of the British forces in this action, was so impressed by the conduct of the Fusiliers that he wrote to the Colonel a special letter of congratulation. Later on, both Houses

of Parliament unanimously voted their thanks to the officers and men concerned. By the way, this is the regiment that is now known as "The Faugh-a-Ballaghs" ("Clear the Way!"), from their old war-cry.

THEY HELPED TO WIN INDIA.

Perhaps in no part of the Empire have Irish regiments rendered better service than they have in India. Particularly is this the case with regard to the Royal Munster Fusiliers and the Royal Dublin Fusiliers. Both of these corps were, it is interesting to note, originally raised as Guards for the possessions of the old Honourable East India Company. Accordingly, they neither of them had any experience of garrison-life in the United Kingdom until after their transfer to the Imperial Forces. During the two hundred years or so that elapsed before this date, they fought in a veritable host of actions, all over the country, from Peshawar to Comorin. As a result, some of the names emblazoned on their colours are calculated to strike one as a little peculiar. "Nundy Droog," "Ternate," "Deig," and "Beni Boo Ally," for instance, certainly have an unfamiliar ring about them. Yet to the gallantry displayed in these places by the two regiments referred to is in great measure due our supremacy in India to-day.

To detail at any length even a fraction of the glorious achievements of Irish-raised regiments upon the battlefields of the British Empire would require a volume in itself. Hence, only the briefest mention can be made of those corps not already referred to in the foregoing paragraphs.

LORD WOLSELEY'S REGIMENT.

Among these comes first, in order of strict seniority, the Royal Irish Regiment, with its splendid record of two hundred and sixteen years' continuous service all over the world. One of its first commanding-officers was Lord Forbes, who is quaintly described in a history of the corps as being "a spirited young nobleman of the Protestant religion." Its present Colonel-in-Chief is Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley, himself an Irish soldier. The proud motto of the regiment, "Virtutis Namurcensis Præmium," was conferred upon it by order of William III., "as a lasting testimony of the gallantry it displayed in the storming and capture of the Castle of Namur in 1695."

A CORPS D'ÉLITE.

Rifle regiments have always been regarded as being somewhat in the nature of *corps d'élite*, and this is deservedly the case with the Royal Irish Rifles. The two battalions of the corps were originally known as "The County Dublin" and the "Royal County Down" regiments, and were both raised in 1793. Since that date, the Rifles have earned a splendid record for themselves in India, Egypt, Spain, and South Africa.

A REGIMENT THAT USES "WAR-PIPES."

The last—but by no means the least—regiment to be included in this slight category is that now known as the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. Its senior battalion dates its origin from Jan. 1, 1690. The regiment saw a great deal of service in the West Indies and Egypt under Sir Ralph Abercromby, and under the great Duke of Wellington in the Peninsular War. In comparatively later days it served in the South African Campaigns of 1835 and 1846. A fact of which the corps is particularly proud is that it is the only one in the British Army that is permitted to use the old "Irish war-pipes."

"THE GREEN, IMMORTAL SHAMROCK."

Oh, the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

SO sang Tommy Moore of the little plant that has been so much in evidence lately on people and in papers, about which much ink has been shed, though up to the time of writing I am not aware that anyone has taken Miss Anna Parnell's advice and given the unoffending-trefoil a bath of the sable fluid. In a note to his "Shamrock," in the "Irish Melodies," Moore remarks, with regard to the "triple grass," that St. Patrick is said to have made use of that species of the trefoil to which in Ireland the name of "shamrock" is given in explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to the pagan Irish. "I do not know," he adds, "if there be any other reason for our adoption of this plant as a national emblem. Hope, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, standing upon tiptoes, and a trefoil, or three-coloured grass, in her hand. In an account of the Irish patron saint, however, I find this Trinity theory considerably discounted, and the writer regards it as a quite unreliable legend; he points out, in connection with St. Patrick's alleged banishment of snakes from the Emerald Isle, that it is at least a curious coincidence that Pliny in his "Natural History" declares that serpents are never seen upon trefoil, and that trefoil has much virtue against the bites of snakes and scorpions. Whatever the original reason for its adoption, there is no doubt that "the wearing of the green" as the national emblem has been almost universal in Ireland for centuries. Why this particular species of clover, the *Trifolium repens* of botanists, should have been called shamrock, it would seem by no means easy to discover. In Arabic the trefoil is *shamrakh*, and it was held sacred in Iran, as emblematical of the Persian Triads. Who knows but that the name of shamrock may have been brought from the Far-East simultaneously with, or even earlier than, Christianity?

THEATRE GOSSIP.

"THE RIVALS"

"THE RIVALS" has been produced several times to the present generation, but never, I think, with such all-round excellence as at the Haymarket Theatre in the present revival. All-round excellence to many seems preferable to the "star" system. Of course, "The Rivals" does demand at least one "star" performance, if not two, for, without an adorable Lydia Languish and a truly comic Mrs. Malaprop, the play is naught, even if these famous creatures be absent during several scenes. Now, Miss Winifred Emery is quite *the* Lydia Languish. None of our actresses so happily combines the suggestion of the artificial, so essential in the piece, with the natural charm so perfectly as the lady who probably has had greater experience as "leading lady" in Old Comedy than any of her rivals. Looking at the play from the human point of view, one is inclined to be sorry for anybody who marries Lydia; but, then, one cannot help pitying the wife of Captain Absolute. So the game is equal, honours are easy, and one need not worry in the least about any of the brilliant, non-human inventions of the famous Sheridan, whose play, "The Rivals," begins, I fancy, to show the end of its immortality—a phrase that suggests the land which claims the author of the play. Mrs. Calvert, in the part of Mrs. Malaprop, enjoyed success, and yet there were some who deemed her a trifle too formal as well as formidable, and over-anxious to realise the "weather-beaten she-dragon." I suppose playgoers must accept the fact that Mr. Maude is very dry in his humour—"devilish dry," if one may paraphrase a phrase from Dickens—and certainly Mr. Cyril Maude is vastly clever. Mr. Sydney Valentine will pass as the most convincing Sir Anthony of our times—an Anthony who could never resist temptation. I have said that it was a capital all-round performance, therefore may simply add that the Faulkland of Mr. Harrison, the Julia of Miss Lily Hanbury, the Kitty of Miss Ferrar, the Fagg of Mr. Holman Clark, and the David of Mr. Tyler are all good.



MISS KITTY LOFTUS AS LUCY IN A FORMER PRODUCTION OF
"THE RIVALS," SHOWING THE DAINTY OLD-TIME COSTUME.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

"SOCIETY'S VERDICT."

The Shaftesbury Theatre, on the *première* of "Society's Verdict," was full of whispered jokes about a "frost," in part caused by the vigorous draught that swept the stalls, and in part by the want of liveliness in the play. "X. L.," the author, is, I believe, a writer of experience; unfortunately, he has relied rather on memory than imagination, more upon things read than things seen, and the result was a play which, though occasionally effective, at times moved the distinguished audience—which included H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and the Duchess of Fife—to unkindly mirth. One might have guessed—and, I believe, accurately—that the author lived in France, from the constant reference to filial affection in it. We may or may not be as loving to our parents as are the French to theirs, but certainly are not so generous with our cries of "O mon père!" and "O ma mère!" as our lively and at present spiteful neighbours. Miss Constance Collier is one of the clever young actresses whom *The Sketch* delights to honour; she must be sincerely pitied for having a bad part rather than insincerely praised by pretence that she made a silk purse of it. It is needless to say that the popular favourite, Henry Neville, sometime truant to our London stage, held the house in the best scenes of the story about the man driven from Society by a false charge of cheating at cards, a charge which, in the end, indirectly causes the ruin of the false witness. "X. L.'s" play certainly has some strong stuff in it, and ought to thrill less-sophisticated playgoers than the children of our little village.

"THE MAN OF FORTY."

Mr. Frith's play, if it has not set the Thames on fire, has at least been an agreeable surprise to the Metropolitan playgoer who, upon mere report, fancied that it was likely to be rather a dull piece. No one will pretend that it is a masterpiece; everyone will admit that the distinguished audience present at the *première* was very well pleased by its entertainment. *The Sketch* does not waste its columns by giving belated accounts of the stories of well-known dramas, and therefore has nothing to say about the plot of "The Man of Forty" nor the ingenious treatment



MISS LILY HANBURY, WHO PLAYS JULIA IN "THE RIVALS."



MISS WINIFRED EMERY, WHO PLAYS LYDIA LANGUISH IN "THE RIVALS."

From Photographs by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

at which the dread accusation "melodrama" has been levelled. It is enough to say that the play proved entertaining and interesting, and the performance well worthy of the playhouse. To catalogue all the artists who did admirable work would be a labour of love and considerable space; it is enough to say that Mr. George Alexander is at his best, Mr. H. B. Irving's progress continues, that Miss Julie Opp makes an indisputable advance, that Miss Esmé Beringer is very clever, that Miss Granville has a big "hit," that Mr. Bonnin attracts attention, that Mr. Aubrey Smith plays excellently, that Miss Fay Davis pleases her admirers, that Miss Carlotta Addison is charming, and that the whole performance is exceedingly good.

GERMAN PLAYS IN LONDON.

"Das Glück im Winkel," by Hermann Sudermann, the seventeenth of the series of German plays now being performed in London, was given on March 27 at St. George's Hall. Eliza Nilasson took the part of Elizabeth, and did full justice to the rôle of the unhappy wife, whose efforts to resist the temptation which threatens to prove too strong for her form the *motif* of the play. As the Baron von Röcknitz, Eduard le Seur acted with great fire and passion, especially in the scene where Elizabeth confesses her love for him. Miss Elsa Gademann was the blind girl; but she was seen to greater advantage in the amusing comedieta (adapted from the French), entitled "Dieser Mensch," which was much applauded by the large and appreciative audience. I am requested to state that Mr. Carl Schoenfeld, of Berlin, whose reputation is well known, will appear this month in some of his favourite parts.

English footlights to again appear as Henry the Fifth, an impersonation which he last gave here at Drury Lane in the very beginning of the régime of poor "Gus" (afterwards Sir Augustus) Harris.

It is not generally known that a Mr. Harris was the manager of Covent Garden Theatre when Sheridan's comedy, "The Rivals," was first produced there, in 1775, when the author was barely twenty-four. "The Rivals" was an unmitigated failure on the first night, owing (some said) to a good deal of Hibernian opposition to the character of Sir Lucius O'Trigger. Sheridan, however, attributed the fiasco to the fact that the play was, when delivered, "twice as long as any acting-comedy."

Since I last wrote, I have received official warrant for stating that the sweet Miss Edna May and the (apparently) sometime sour Mr. Manager George Lederer have made it up, and intend (like Lord and Lady Teazle) never, never, NEVER to quarrel again. So much so that the entrancing Edna (who, according to reports from "the Other Side," has been saying some very silly things about her jewels) will, after all, be the "leading lady" during Mr. Lederer's next season, which starts at the Shaftesbury about Easter. It also appears (from documentary evidence) that the opening piece of this Shaftesbury season will be the recently tested American musical play, entitled "An American Beauty," and not (as previously arranged) "The Night Owls." The last-named is but a re-named version of "The Rounders," which is (as *Sketch* readers already know), in some sense, an adaptation of "Les Fétards," a more faithful adaptation of which will presently be produced at the Vaudeville by Mr. George Edwardes in combination with the Messrs. Gatti.



Photo by Falk, New York.

MISS JULIE OPP,
WHO PLAYS MRS. EGERTON.



Photo by Hans, Strand.

MISS ESMÉ BERINGER,
WHO PLAYS CLAIRE DESPENSER.



Photo by Bullingham.

MISS FAY DAVIS,
WHO PLAYS ELSIE.

"THE MAN OF FORTY," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

As first predicted in the columns of *The Sketch*, many weeks ago, friction has arisen concerning "Quo Vadis." When I stated that Mr. Wilson Barrett was engaged in making an English stage-version of the above-named story by Henryk Sienkiewicz, I also stated what seemed to be hitherto unknown—or all but unknown—namely, that a dramatisation of this "Sign-of-the-Cross"-like novel had already been "made in America"; and, indeed, was then being played there. Within the last few days, the runners of this American "Quo Vadis" play arrived in London, intent upon finding a theatre in order to submit their drama to our local playgoers, the said play having, it is understood, already been "copyrighted" in this Metropolis.

As a matter of fact, at the moment of writing, negotiations are afoot for presenting the American "Quo Vadis" at the Adelphi. In the meantime, Mr. Barrett, who certainly bought the English acting-rights of M. Sienkiewicz (of the Fair Land of Poland), has issued a ukase calling upon all "honourably minded" managers to abstain from booking the American dramatisation, and pointing out that he (Barrett) considers himself as "protected" in this matter by the famous—but, I fear, often defied—judgment in the celebrated "Little Lord Fauntleroy" case. As Sir Lucius O'Trigger says in Messrs. Harrison and Maude's latest sumptuous and interesting Haymarket revival, "It is a very pretty quarrel, as it stands." Something may come of this, but, as that other fire-eater, Sim Tappertit, says, "Let us hope it mayn't be human-gore!"

To-morrow (Thursday) the indefatigable Mr. Benson will present "The Tempest" at the Lyceum. In this, Mr. Benson will (strangely enough, as some may think) impersonate, not Prospero, which most "leading men" select, but Caliban. It is understood that Mr. Benson has quite a new (not to say nimble) reading of this difficult character to submit to us. Perhaps the best Caliban we have had within the memory of all but Methuselah-like players was that presented by Mr. George Rignold at the Queen's, in Long Acre, some thirty years ago.

By the way, it is rumoured in the inner theatrical circles that Mr. George Rignold may anon be expected to revisit the glimpses of the

Yet another American-made play, to be seen even at our "National Theatre"—meaning, of course, Old Drury—is "The Three Musketeers" kind of play, "Marsac of Gascony." This piece, which is described as "heroic and romantic," is the work of Mr. Edward Vroom, an American actor. It does not seem to be generally known that Mr. Vroom brought this play last autumn to Mr. William Greet, who forthwith had it tested by his "Sign of the Cross" touring company at Birmingham.

One of the earliest, if not the very first, plays produced at the Garrick Theatre (built by Mr. W. S. Gilbert) was Mr. Pinero's drama, "The Profligate." And now (perhaps in order to still prove how history repeats itself) one learns (mysteriously, but not utterly without warrant) that, at the end of Mr. Charles Frohman's forthcoming season at that house with the reportedly naughty "Zaza," Mr. Arthur Bouchier will take over the theatre from Mr. Brickwell, and will present there a specially written new play by Mr. Pinero. In the meantime, Mr. Bouchier will offer for playgoers' consumption a new comedy by Mr. Carton at the Criterion.

Miss Eily Desmond, who is playing Lady Ursula in Mr. Anthony Hope's play on tour, gives a graphic account of her visit to South Africa just before the War. "When we got into the Free State," she says, "all of us had to get out and be searched. And they were so rude to us, just because we were English! Why, one of the searchers actually looked into my purse, and scowled when I asked her if she expected to find a revolver in it." Miss Desmond relates a significant incident in connection with the engagement of Mr. George Edwardes's company, in which she played lead, in Johannesburg: "I was most hospitably treated by a lady and gentlemen who lived in a beautiful house. They showed me every possible kindness, and afterwards I found out that they were Boer spies in the direct employment of Kruger. One of the most exciting experiences we had was in the theatre at Johannesburg. The Edgar Murder Trial was on at the time, and there was a huge mass-meeting in the streets. The crowd were fearfully excited, and they broke into the theatre. You can guess how terrified we were when two of the crowd chased one another across the stage."

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

The Cyclists' Train to Dorking—Ladies as Cyclists—The Mile-a-Minute Man—Touring from a Centre—Mark Twain as a Cyclist—The Gallant Admiral—Dress for Ladies.

Time to light up: Wednesday, April 4, 7.35; Thursday, 7.37; Friday, 7.38; Saturday, 7.40; Sunday, 7.42; Monday, 7.44; Tuesday, 7.45.

So the London, Brighton, and South Coast Company, in the Sunday train for cyclists which they propose to start in early May, will not carry bicycles gratis, after all! This announcement was recently made by an official of the company. The exact fare for cycle and cyclist has not yet been definitely fixed, but it is promised that, at any rate, there will be a concession on the present rate. The Brighton Company have already several of their luggage-vans fitted up with cycle-holders, and, as far as can be gathered, they show an inclination to provide more. The company should make it a point to stay at the few suburban stations on the way to Dorking, because there will be many riders who would like to have a day in the Surrey lanes but who have not the inclination to ride on their cycles first through four or five miles of London streets to Victoria. The arrangement at present is that the train starts from Victoria at ten in the morning and returns from Dorking at five in the afternoon. The time for starting is satisfactory, but cyclists generally will feel that the return hour is much too early. Eight o'clock would be a much better time, and it would afford a longer enjoyment of the beauties of Surrey.

It is satisfactory to notice that in many of the ladies' machines for this season the manufacturers are bringing the saddles more over the pedals. In my opinion, one of the reasons the lady cyclists often look awkward on a wheel is because they sit so far back that the body has to be bent forward in an ungainly attitude to grip the handle-bars. The pedalling loses much of its force because the ankle movement has not a full opportunity when it is that of a push rather than of a circular sweep. If a lady wants to look elegant on her bicycle—and such is quite a defensible desire—she is well advised to have a high-framed machine, with the saddle well forward, which allows her dress to hang well, and gives her a grip of the handle without straining her position.

It is announced that the American, Murphy, who last season accomplished the astounding feat of riding a mile a minute when paced by an engine, is about to visit this country. It is not likely, however, that any of our Railway Companies will be so obliging as to provide Mr. Murphy with a specially laid track and lend him an engine so he may exhibit his powers of speed. He will be able to ride only on the ordinary cycling-tracks, and so probably will be able to do nothing more than a dozen of our well-known racers have already accomplished. At present Murphy is exhibiting in American music-halls on what is known as a "home-trainer"—an appliance of rollers on which a man cycles without making any advancement. I have seen an ordinary amateur cover a mile on one of these trainers in forty-eight seconds, but Murphy, it is declared, is able to do his mile in thirty-seven seconds. Possibly, he might be an attraction at some of our English music-halls, but elsewhere he will not make much profit by his business.

Let me persist in urging what I have so often urged before, that the most enjoyable kind of cycle tour is to fix upon a centre, and from there visit the various places of interest in the neighbourhood. A year ago, I gave this advice, and the numerous letters I have received prove the advice to be sound. A little appliance has just been put on the market which will be very serviceable. One of the worries of cycling in a country with which you are not acquainted is the necessity of continuously unfolding and re-folding your map to discover the correct road. Frequently, on a dark night, when miles from my destination, I have been moved to profanity in searching out my route on a big sheet of map by means of a small cycle-lamp. The device to which I have referred fits to the handle-bar, and consists of a transparent celluloid case under which the map is stuck of that part of the country through which one is touring. It is a good plan, and might be generally adopted.

Those who know Mark Twain personally—and it will be interesting to most people to hear that at present he is living quietly at Chelsea and working hard—will like to hear that he cycles. It certainly came as a surprise to me personally. But one has the authority of the *Christian Endeavour* for the statement, and such a religious publication cannot, of course, be doubted. Here, at any rate, is a characteristic story—

Mark Twain and his friend, Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, once planned a bicycle ride from Hartford, Conn. (their home), to Boston, and wrote beforehand to an acquaintance in the latter city, telling him their line of route, and what time he might expect to see them arrive. The appointed day was an ideal one for a long run, and the two friends started quite early in the morning. But neither of them was accustomed to long rides, so, after twelve or fifteen miles had been ridden, it became apparent that each of the riders was waiting for the other to say something. Finally Twain said, as they came in sight of a railway station in a small town they had entered, "Let's take the train the rest of the way."

Of course, Mr. Twichell agreed, and so the acquaintance in Boston was surprised by seeing the two friends walk up to his door about one o'clock in the afternoon. He greeted them warmly, and, addressing Mr. Twichell, said, "Well, you made pretty good time, didn't you?"

"Oh, fairly good time for novices," was the reply.

"What time did you leave Hartford?" he inquired of Mr. Clemens.

"About 7 a.m."

"What! You don't mean to say that you have ridden all the way from Hartford to Boston on your bicycles?"

"No," replied Mark Twain, "but we rode far enough to demonstrate that it could be done."

It would have been marvellous indeed if the genial, breezy, rollicking Admiral Field, who presided at the annual dinner of the National Cyclists' Union, had not fallen athwart some of the cyclists themselves. The Admiral is not a member of the N.C.U., because, as he says, he is a magistrate, and it is frequently his duty to fine "scorching" cyclists. It is certainly amusing the way the cycling papers hail the old Admiral as an authority on what the Government intend to do or not to do respecting cycles. Those of us whose duty it is to listen to the debates in Parliament know something of the way in which the Admiral is regarded by gentlemen on the Treasury Bench. He is ever bluff and hearty, and talks to Ministers as a quartermaster would talk to a middy. The Ministers, however, only smile, and the House generally look upon the old salt as a provider of entertainment rather than as an authority on naval matters or anything else. I have never seen him ride across Palace Yard on his bicycle. Indeed, I don't think he ever does; but many members do ride to Westminster on their machines. One politician, who lives at Norwood, rides to the house in cycling-garb, and there changes into the conventional frock-coat and top-hat. These he again discards at the midnight hour, and hies away home to the suburbs in knee-breeches and cloth cap.

It is stated by a lady writer that the fashion this season in stockings for lady cyclists is to be ornamental—bright checks or decorations of roses or other flowers. The idea is not likely to become very popular with the majority of lady riders. Indeed, the English girl who persists in riding in a floppy, ungainly long dress, as though to repudiate even the suggestion that she possesses ankles, will not approve of these gaudy hues. Ladies should do everything for their own comfort and for their appearance, but they should also avoid any such garishness as is said will be popular this year.

J. F. F.

FRENCH LADIES AND ART.

The pursuit of art by great ladies is not confined to Royal ladies nor to the ladies of Great Britain. Many women of French Society are artists of mark. The daughter of Maréchal Canrobert, Madame de Navacelle, figures in the Salon under the signature of "Claire de Certaines"; Mlle. Jonquières, daughter of the Admiral, has painted a series of portraits of Admirals, colleagues of her father; the Countess de Miramon-Fargues and the Countess Muledo are sculptors. Perhaps the one whose work is most distinguished is the Duchess d'Uzes, who is a sculptor of talent, and who has made several public monuments, erected notably in towns of Southern France. She figures at the Salon under the name of "Manuela."

But it is in the art of music that the ladies of France most excel. The Countess de Tretern is a genuine virtuoso. Her brilliant and perfectly trained voice easily fills the nave of a great church, and she puts it constantly to the service of charity. The Countess de Guerne no longer counts her innumerable triumphs as a cantatrice. Her musical education was directed by Gounod himself, and she is considered a pupil worthy of her Professor. The Princess de Cystria, née Trevis, is much applauded for her singing on the amateur stage. As for the accomplished pianists, they are legion, but at their head are the Princess de Brancovan and her sister-in-law, the Princess Alexander Bibesco, French only by adoption. These ladies have musical genius, and it has been developed by the best masters in the world. The first took Paderewski under her patronage while he was still unknown. The Countess François de Brissac is a violinist, while several ladies, among whom is the Princess Amédée de Broglie, play the harp. French Society counts also a number of talented amateur actresses, not least among whom is the Duchess de Luynes, the star of the theatre at the Château of Dampierre.

NEW COURT APPOINTMENTS.

Lord Lister's appointment to be Serjeant-Surgeon to the Queen, in succession to the late Sir James Paget, may be put down, without much hesitation, to the recommendation of Lord Salisbury. Our scientific Premier, whose great hobby is his laboratory, has a special fondness for doctors, as he has frequently shown in the lists of persons whom he has recommended to Her Majesty for titular distinctions. Indeed, four years ago he established a new precedent by advising Her Majesty to confer a peerage on Sir Joseph Lister, for, till that red-letter day for the sons of Æsculapius, the utmost that the most distinguished doctor could look forward to was a baronetcy. Certainly, hardly any honour that the Sovereign could bestow would seem too great for the man who, by introducing the antiseptic treatment into modern surgery, has not only saved an incalculable number of lives, but has placed in the hands of every ordinary practitioner a powerful weapon against insidious disease. That this great Englishman should have the proud yet responsible duty of watching, as Sir James Paget did, over the health of our beloved Sovereign will be regarded with deep satisfaction by the whole nation, and Lord Lister, by prolonging that noble life, will largely increase the already heavy debt which humanity owes him.

Mr. Treves' appointment to the Court medical establishment will also give much satisfaction both to the public and to the profession. It will be remembered that it was largely owing to his skill that the Prince of Wales, some eighteen months ago, made so satisfactory a recovery from the injury to his knee. Mr. Treves is one of the noble band of eminent surgeons who, giving up all thought of their own professional interests, have gone out to South Africa to help the overworked doctors of the Royal Army Medical Corps.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

At Lincoln. I was sorry to see such a big falling-off in the attendance at the Lincoln Meeting; but it was all on account of the War, and, until our brave soldiers return to this country again safe and sound, as I hope they soon will do, we cannot look for any record gates at racing. Many of the horses that ran on the



THE WINNER OF THE LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP: MR. H. BARNATO'S SIR GEOFFREY (MORNY CANNON UP), GOING BACK TO WEIGH.

Carholme were only half fit, and they will do better later on; but the same could not be said of Sir Geoffrey, who was simply trained to the letter, and it is now no matter for wonder that the horse was backed for so much money. Another thing in his favour was the fact that, at the last moment, the men of observation at Newmarket opposed his chance, and this was equal to taking 14 lb. off the weight he was given by the handicapper, who, I am told, put the horse up 6 lb. in the handicap at the last moment, before he sent the weights off to the printers.

Sir Geoffrey Won. The result of the Lincoln Handicap just suited the big magnates in the City, as they all followed Mr. Barnato's horse, and Sir Geoffrey did not forget to win. It will be remembered that, after this horse beat Sirdar at Epsom last year by a head, the patrons of Archer's stable were very anxious to buy Sirdar, who, by-the-bye, belongs to Mr. Symons, a big South African operator. According to all accounts, the bookmakers caught it warm over the result of the Lincoln Handicap, for they had the City men, the big punters, and the followers of M. Cannon's mount arrayed against them. All the big money went on the horse at an average of 20 to 1, which takes some getting back. Luckily for the Ring, a large section of the general public fastened on to Survivor at the last moment; but, on the other hand, I am told that Forcett and Strike-a-Light were well supported for places.

A Dream and a Wager. One of the men who look after the Rings had a funny wager over the Lincoln Handicap. He dreamed that Strike-a-Light had won, so he backed Mr. Broderick Cloete's filly for a win only, and she finished second. Then he had a great tip about Nippon for a place, and invested accordingly, only to see Mr. Mauser's candidate finish fourth. Many of the followers of the War-news supported Sir Geoffrey simply because the horse is owned by Messrs. Barnato and Joel, two South African magnates, and the bellicose gents did not forget to note that the horse was to be ridden by a Cannon. Fit as the horse was, the jockey was fitter, and it is wonderful what a course of hunting and active exercise does to keep a temperate man like Cannon in fighting trim during the winter months. It is during the first week of the season that one can easily pick out the steady-living jockeys from the fast-going ones.

About the Brocklesby. So highly had Hector Macdonald been tried that his defeat in the Brocklesby Stakes was never dreamt of by the party interested in the colt; but the "absolute certainties" do get beaten at racing, and it was so in this case, for the "General"—who, by-the-bye, ran on the very day that "Fighting Mac's" new honours were announced—got badly beaten by a daughter of Melton—Britta, owned by Mr. J. Musker. The winner is a smart-looking filly, and she may develop into the Oaks winner next year; but I shall take leave to doubt it, for it is a remarkable fact that youngsters that run well in the Brocklesby Stakes seldom do much good afterwards. At the same time, it should be noted that Gilbert is very likely to be once more dangerous with Mr. Musker's two-year-olds, and I begin to fancy that the training-grounds at Thetford in Norfolk are better than those at Newmarket.

The City and Suburban.

Now, what is likely to win the City and Suburban? The race will be run on April 25, and by that time the majority of the horses engaged should be thoroughly fit. Despite his wretched display in the Lincoln Handicap, I feel disposed to give Survivor one more chance in this race. It is a rogue's course, and the gay deceiver may have been coaxed past the post before he decides to cut it. His weight, 8 st. 2 lb., is by no means a prohibitive one, seeing what a big show he made against Newhaven II. last year. Of course, on the Lincoln running, Downham should be followed; and Strike-a-Light has an undeniable chance. Of the others, Good Luck, General Peace, Mazeppa, Dinna Forget, and Little Eva have followers, so that a good race is practically assured; and I take this opportunity of congratulating Mr. H. M. Dorling on the perfect condition of the racing-track at Epsom. He has worked wonders in this direction during the last ten years, and I wish the Ascot authorities would follow his praiseworthy example.

Foreign Jockeys. Perhaps, when the American jockeys become thoroughly acclimatised they will once more achieve big things. Sloan looks much better than he did at this time last year, and I fancy he has taken the greatest care of himself during the long, treacherous winter. Lester Reiff, a nice-mannered man, is looking and riding very well; and his little brother, Johnny Reiff, who, by-the-bye, is a great favourite with all racegoers, is bound to shine in the saddle this year, as he is heavier and stronger than he was last year. He is one of the nicest and prettiest little boys seen in the saddle, and I do hope his success will not spoil him. I do not think for a moment that it will, for the lad is highly intelligent, and he is very steady. J. H. Martin is in the best of health, and I predict a far better record for him this year than last, as he has learned the ins-and-outs of our racecourses.

The Prince's National.

I was a witness of Persimmon's win in the Derby, but I doubt if the scene was more exciting than that at Aintree after Ambush II. won the Grand National. All Ireland had followed the Prince's horse, and they did not forget to let us know it after the horse had passed the post, and again when the "All right" had been called. To say His Royal Highness was pleased at the result only half meets the case; as a matter of fact, he was simply delighted. Anthony, the jockey, came in for a big reception, and Mr. Tommy Lushington, who trains the horse at the Curragh, was mobbed by his delighted fellow-countrymen. I foreshadowed the result of the two first big handicaps of the year in these columns. I also always had a good word to say for Manifesto when the critics were all giving him "beans."

Racing at Easter. There will be no end of fixtures decided during the Easter holidays, but backers should go slowly at these meetings, as form is often upset, owing, perhaps, to bad jockeyship or a weak market. There are no fewer than thirteen meetings under both sets of rules to be decided on Easter Monday, and it stands to reason that capable jockeys cannot be found for all the horses that will race on that day. Of course, the sport at Kempton, Manchester, Gosforth, and Birmingham will be of the top class, but at many of the little leather-flapping meetings it will be ludicrous. At the same time,



THE STANDS AND PADDOCK ON THE CARHOLME AT LINCOLN.

it will serve its purpose, and the locals will no doubt be thoroughly satisfied; and it says something for the "Sport of Kings" when it is added that the combined crowds that will witness racing on Easter Monday would figure up to hundreds of thousands. CAPTAIN COE.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

WE really have had a glint of sunshine at last. Not much of an allowance, it is true—a sunshine that Mr. Mantalini might have defined as “demmed cold, moist, and uncomfortable,” if he had ever been given over to an evil habit of discussing the weather; still, something that has burst through the dreary grey canopy overhead and given us women a half-formed hope of being able



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AN EMBROIDERED BALL-GOWN.

to exploit inventions new and beauteous from the sartorial standpoint at a not too distant period. So, for this relief much thanks, and may the sun soon abandon definitely that immoral and reprehensible habit of going back from his promise. We are all really bored to death in mind as well as blistered in body by this scarifying east wind, and if there is such a word as atonement in the calendar of the gods, it might well be devised that April be charged with all possible atmospheric civility to a justly aggrieved British population. Moderation, indeed, seems little called into the administration of mundane affairs. Else why are our soldiers panting on the veldt while we shiver in sables or its substitutes at home—when a little fusion of elements would make us both comfortable at each side of the planet? This eternal cramming of the round situation into the square hole of circumstance is really very perplexing and unsatisfactory, and calculated to upset the most philosophic theories by the persistent disagreeableness of its practice.

If Easter holds forth the slightest encouragement, atmospherically speaking, many will doubtless make holiday in Paris, which seems somewhat settling down from its paroxysms of Anglophobia as the fortunes of war decisively, though gradually, declare against their dear friends the Boers. Apart from the present interest of the Exposition, there is the perennial joy of clothes, which more than at all other seasons incites lovely women to plunges and purchase when sombre-hued winter gives way to the gaily hued garments of spring. Amongst striking novelties which are being exploited by the Seine-side are the trained polonaises,

or redingotes, which, tightly fitting and, for the most part, pleated, are made to be worn over lace skirts.

A model made by Paquin of this order is, for example, a pale tender-green cashmere trimmed with deep-pointed lace incrustations, which reach half-way up the skirt. Both neck- and arm-holes are set forth with the lace points on a smaller scale, while vaporous *plissés* of green chiffon, matching the dress, are again bordered with a deeper shade of the green, all of which, edging the skirt, give it a floral effect that is quite charming. A black tulle scarf, tied at the top, falls in long ends to the ground in front. The use of narrow ribbon trimmings laid on or strung through lace is sure to be a popular form of embellishment this season, and amazing quantities of both are used on the most modish gowns.

An afternoon-dress of the palest pink cloth has, for example, a silk mousseline flounce of the same tone, on which narrow ribbons to match are run on close together. A flounced fichu similarly ornamented appears on the shoulders, forming a *berthe*, and terminating in long ends. Over five hundred yards of *bébé*-ribbon are alone used on this gown. Flat detached panels of silk or brocade, edged with chenille or bead fringes, are again a new feature in elaborate evening-dresses. Miss Granville wears one built after this fashion in “The Man of Forty,” in which she acts so admirably. A gorgeous cloak of striped light-green velvet tricked out with sables and real lace accompanies the aforesaid frock of white brocade and silver fringes. Played, staged, and dressed to the last degree of successful effect, Mr. Walter Frith’s piece is palpably bound for a long career of prosperity.

Another dress in which Miss Granville makes an exceedingly charming effect is a bright-red *crêpe-de-Chine*, with hat to match, and black



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SMART GOWN FOR THE PARK.

ermine-trimmed coat; taken together, an admirably arranged harmony. Miss Julie Opp’s part does not admit of costume to any startling degree, nor does that of Miss Fay Davis, who, however, in a dainty blue cashmere makes a charming girlish figure. This blue dress is far more

becoming than the red velvet gown which is worn by her in the third act. The laughter of the piece concentrates itself around Mr Aubrey Smith's hen-pecked husband, which tickles one to real merriment.

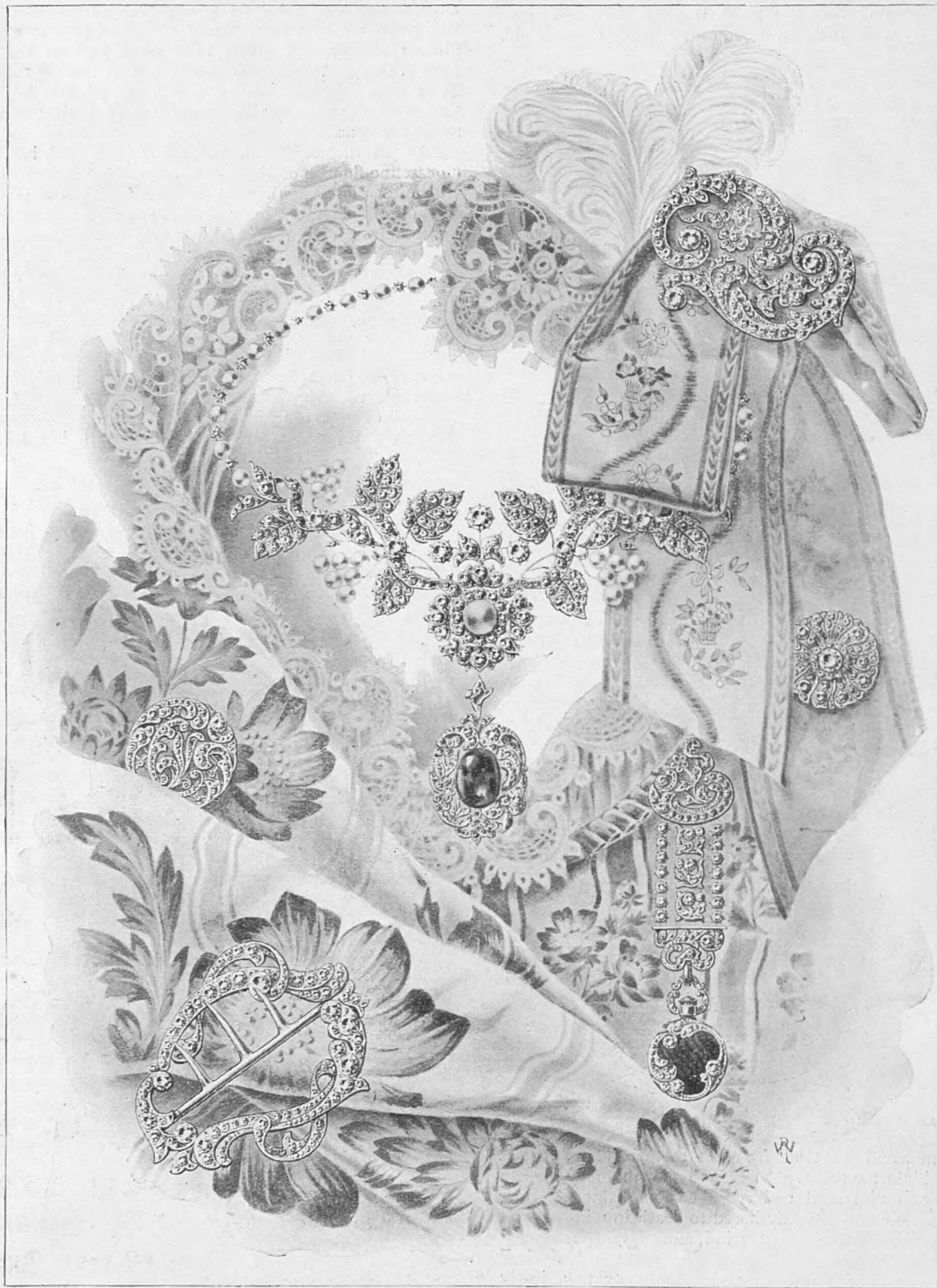
There is a large liberty allowed in the matter of headgear this season, and milliners generally seem to take a perverse pleasure in jumbling the products of autumn, winter, spring, and summer incongruously together, with, however, it must be allowed, very attractive results. In winter all one's classic conservatism is upset by seeing delicate lace trimming sable hats, and pale-faced violets growing on an astrachan or broad-tail background, while at the moment velvet cherries in every colour but Nature's adorn filmy tulle or chiffon chapeaux as the last and, for the moment, best departure of fashionable art. Hats are worn turned off the face, turned down on the face, or turned back at one side, as you will, the prettiest being the former, which allows the carefully waved halo that represents our latest coiffure to be seen advantageously.

Madame Kinska, of 168, Piccadilly, at the moment back from Paris with loot from various famous salons in the way of modish models, has some astonishingly smart and moderately priced hats on view in her pretty first-floor. Wired loops of tulle and guipure are still much in favour, and, mixed with Paris flowers—that always seem to grow more realistic—make dainty and becoming toques. A good deal of elaboration also obtains with the coiffure for ball or dinner—not that many of the first-named entertainments are heard of, but people must feed even

though the skies should fall, and lately, with restored confidence in the management of our arms abroad, the tension of early winter has been a good deal relaxed and a good deal of dining-out has begun. Jewelled ornaments seem less a vogue now than floral wreaths, looped-up chiffon bows, and feathers for the hair. Even diamond tiaras are flanked by elaborate posies or wired-lace loops, and at a little dinner this week I met a young woman of great up-to-date ability who had frocked herself in the Empire fashion down to the smallest detail, and wore a jewel over the middle of her forehead, between the parted wavy locks, with the comfortable conviction that she was one of the first to adopt that departure over here. Our hostess of that evening is the happy possessor of a cook whose father was Gounod's *chef de cuisine*, and who can juggle to admiration with all the fruits of the earth as well as its four-footed administration. The breakfasts alone at this house reconcile one

to life, and there is a recent invention called *œufs à la Gounod*, which have, in my estimation, raised that uninteresting object, a poached egg, into something approaching the sublime. Here is the formula: Take some mushrooms, wash them, cut off the stalks; put into a stew-pan containing a teacupful of Lucca oil, add salt and pepper. When browned on one side, turn over, sprinkle with chopped herbs; when done, remove and drain thoroughly. Fry some round slices of bread in butter (not oil, *bien entendu*), lay on a hot dish, cover each with mushrooms, a poached egg over, and pour on it very hot tomato-sauce, to which two or three drops of tabasco have been added. Needless to add, it must be served hot or not at all.

Few people who can afford the luxury of a hobby deny themselves that solace, and the philatelist, bibliophile, numismatist, or whatever category he elects to range himself amongst, is, without doubt, a happier (or, at all events, more occupied) being than the *blasé* mortal whose experiences have led him into the *cul-de-sac* of satiety. One of the most interesting among my acquaintances is a collector of jewels. Every sort and kind of gem is present in his safe, and, having come almost to the end of the catalogue in precious stones and unique specimens, he has now set about obtaining a companion collection of artificial jewels. Some old-paste specimens are very interesting, but do not approach the brilliance or fire of the Parisian Diamond Company's productions, while amongst the pearls it is really quite impossible for the amateur to detect any difference between the treasure-trove of the sea and those pearls produced by the



NOVELTIES AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

Parisian Diamond Company. It is a well-established fact that the matters of jewel-setting and design have been throughout a distinguishing feature with this company, as the accompanying illustration exemplifies, and it is largely owing to this that the popularisation of artificial jewels has become so general amongst the better classes of late years.—SYBIL.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matter of NAMES and DATES, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to "The Sketch," 198, Strand, London.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on April 9.

UNCERTAINTIES.

NO sooner does the Market take a little "heart of grace" and a few investment orders make the jobbers think that good times are speedily returning than the old bogies of dear money and European complications (which really mean fear of France) damp the promising little revival. We last week called attention to the way in which the wily "stag," especially of the professional order, had taken advantage of the innocence of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's heart, and the course of the Market and the War Loan is the most eloquent proof of what we wrote, and until the thirty thousand patriots who applied for £1000 and under have found some more patriotic individuals to purchase their allotments the price will continue weak.

Money has been very tight all the week, especially at the end, and the only cheerful spot has been Yankee Rails.

A COSMOPOLITAN STOCK EXCHANGE.

With the rapid increase in Stock Exchange membership has come a remarkable accession of foreigners to the House. The Kaffir Circus is the most cosmopolitan department, but it is hard-run by the Spanish and Tinto Markets. What the House may come to in future years, if the foreigner still clamours successfully at the doors of the managers, our artist has depicted in the melancholy picture which we here reproduce.

YANKEE RAILS.

When a relapse occurs in Yankees nowadays, it is considered the correct thing to remark that the market is taking a little breathing-time. It is remarkable what faith in the continuance of the "rig" can be found amongst jobbers and brokers for long connected with this department. One would have thought past experience should have convinced them that, when New York starts a powerful buying movement, the end is invariably the same—London holds the baby. For many months London dandles the thing up and down, looks at it so proudly and admiringly, watches it gradually shrinking away with at first no feeling of anxiety, and refuses to recognise that it is holding the baby all alone until months afterwards, when prices have faded away like an ailing child. Then comes the talk of a stale bull-account. Shares are sold at prices far beneath the figures at which they were bought, because the holders are sick to death of waiting for the recurrence of the boom, which they were told by New York would last for ever; and when the shares are at low, disgusted levels, in step the Yankees once more, and the game is repeated. This is what will happen at the present time, and, the longer the buying movement goes on, the more the professionals will rejoice, because it means higher prices every day.

That the lines are doing well we do not for a moment gainsay, but that their earnings in any way justify the latest boom we emphatically repudiate. The Currency Bill, upon which the boom is chiefly built, will undoubtedly be a great factor in helping the companies along their toilsome ways; but even that has its disadvantages, which for the moment are disregarded in the exciting dash for the market. We do not think that prices can keep up for another month, and May will probably see a swift relapse at the near coming of the Presidential Election in June.

In the meantime, however, it is still dangerous to bear Yankees, and whilst the bull operators are leading the way, we can give our readers one excellent tip. Let them not heed the fact that such-and-such a share has had very little rise, and consequently think that it is worth buying on this account. They had far better follow the market. If Norfolks are being bought, the speculator who deals for a quick profit should go in for them. Or, if it be Milwaukees that are the favourite in the morning, let him buy these and keep them as long as interest in the shares keeps up. By doing this, an operator in Yankees stands a good deal more chance of making money than he does in purchasing stuff that has had little or no rise, and which it is as likely as not will get left behind altogether.

THE KAFFIR CIRCUS.

We still fail to discover any animation in the Kaffir Circus. In the House the dealers stand idly in the market-place all the day long, piping to a public which will not dance, and yearning for somebody fresh to experiment upon besides their fellow-members. But it is a significant fact that most of the newspapers are beginning to cautiously advise their readers to buy Kaffirs. There has been quite a small chorus in the financial pages of this week's Press of exhortations to clear out of Yankees and lay in Kaffirs while the latter are "cheap." As a matter of fact, South Africans are by no means cheap, prices at the present time already bearing a heavy premium on account of Peace-Day. So long as the outlook for the mines is in its present condition—hopeful one moment and clouded the next—holders will not sell and buyers will not buy.

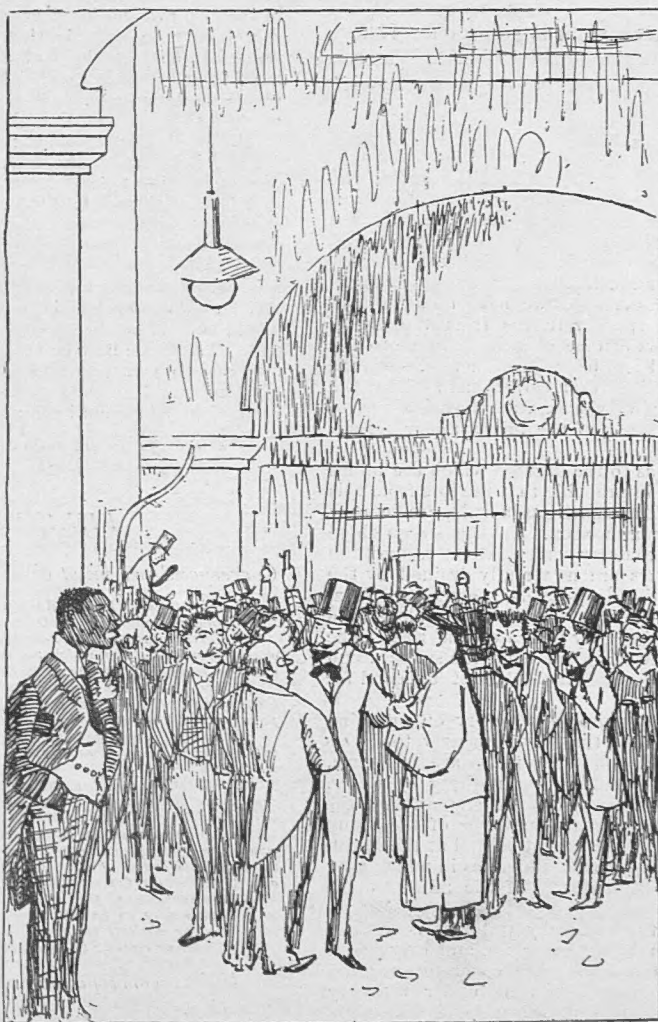
In another column will be found a most interesting letter from our correspondent on the spot in South Africa, so it is unnecessary for us here to do more than point out the temper of the market in Throgmorton Street. That is most decidedly optimistic. Bears there are, of course; so much the better for the market really, because they always prove a tower of strength to the shares in which they dabble whenever a rise comes along. But the prominent feeling is keenly bullish. Speak to a dozen dealers in the Kaffir Market, and you will find that ten out of the twelve are confident of a boom shortly coming. The wish is father to the thought, certainly; but we are not criticising the market's views, we merely state them. And so long as this impression is strongly held, all the talk in the world about blowing up the mines, "staggering humanity," &c., will have no more lasting effect upon prices than a rumour that Sir Wilfrid Lawson is going to "the front."

THE DELAGOA BAY FIASCO.

On Thursday night, Delagoa Bay Railway First Debentures closed peacefully at 132½; the following morning saw them down to 100, with no buyers. The Seconds fell from 110 to somewhere about 50—nobody quite knew where to look for them, as a matter of fact, but this is what the price was supposed to be—and the shares descended from 7½ to a sovereign without a single one changing hands. The cause of the lamentable slump was, of course, the award of the Arbitrators engaged upon the Delagoa Bay Railway question. "Arbitrators, indeed!" exclaimed an indignant broker in his rage; "I call them traitors, pure and simple!"; and his ejaculation evoked a sympathetic response in other breasts whose proprietors were watching the market in the Stock Exchange. The House had been going for an award of at least a couple of million pounds sterling in compensation, and, now that the lawyers have decided that £612,560 is all the bondholders and shareholders are to get, the disgust and disappointment are, perhaps, justified. The political aspect of the award is also discouraging, because Portugal will, no doubt, be able to raise the money with comparative ease, whereas a heavy indemnity would have compelled her to hand over Delagoa Bay to Great Britain in lieu of the cash, which she could not possibly have found. The *Times* claims everybody's sympathy for Portugal, but surely that is stretching the point rather too far. In the first place, the line ought never to have been confiscated at all, and, in the second, Portugal has thrown all kinds of difficulties in the Arbitrators' way, in consequence of which the award has appeared a decade after the question originally arose. Our sympathy is all for the unfortunate bondholders, who even now don't know what they will get out of the money which Portugal has to pay. In the Stock Exchange, the Second Debentures and the shares are considered fairly good specimens of lottery-tickets, but worthless for other purposes.

THE BARROW HEMATITE STEEL COMPANY.

The Directors have to admit that the resolute action of the Preference shareholders makes it necessary to despoil them in a somewhat less high-handed manner than was originally proposed. The Press was excluded from the recent Annual General Meeting, but a carefully edited "summary of proceedings" has been sent to the shareholders, with a circular intimating that the Directors "are prepared to recommend" an entirely fresh arrangement "in order to remove any cause for grievance which the Preference shareholders may consider they have."



WHAT THE STOCK EXCHANGE IS COMING TO.

It is satisfactory to find that the Duke of Devonshire and his colleagues find it necessary to come down off their tall horse and endeavour to negotiate with the shareholders half of whose preferential rights they coolly proposed to destroy for the benefit of the Ordinary shareholders. It is the only satisfactory thing about the circular. The fresh proposals, though a little less cynical than the original plan, is practically the old scheme slightly wrapped up. It should be opposed as resolutely and uncompromisingly as the first proposals. A company that could earn last year enough to pay its Preference dividends and about 6 per cent. on its Ordinary has no right to ask its Preference shareholders to give up their Preference rights for the benefit of its Ordinary shareholders. If the latter want larger dividends, let them elect a more competent Board of Directors. They alone have the votes to do so.

FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

Almost since the inception of this paper we have had a most excellent and reliable mining correspondent at Johannesburg, whose letters have been a well-recognised feature of our City Notes. On the outbreak of the War, he escaped to Ladysmith, and thence on almost the last day communication was open to Durban. The following letter has just reached us from the last-mentioned port, giving our correspondent's views of the prospects when the War is over. Our readers will see that he is distinctly pessimistic, perhaps unduly so; but there is no getting over the fact that the writer has spent many years in the Transvaal, knows the Boers well, and is in constant touch with refugees from Johannesburg, who bring the latest news of what is going on. If any reader of this paper hankers to lay by a few shares till after the War, we urge him to seriously consider the following letter before he parts with his money—

RAND MINES AFTER THE WAR.

There is a fortune waiting for the man who can accurately forecast the condition of the Transvaal mines when "Tween the chains" becomes once more the haven of the money-seeking Uitlander. Here, in sweltering, Pharisaical Durban, where some thousands of Paul's exiles have found a temporary home, the problem of finding the intrinsic value of the leading mines at the moment when the Union Jack is run up over the Doppe Parliament House is not so much easier of solution than it is in London. In one respect we have an advantage here. Every ship from Delagoa Bay brings fresh refugees from the Rand, generally from the mines, and much information can be gleaned here as to the way things are being conducted—or should it be misconducted?—by the Continental helots who are working for the Transvaal Government along the reef. Moreover, in a centre like this, we have very accurate information as to what are the intentions of the Boers with regard to the mines under certain circumstances.

Expert opinion is not by any means agreed as to the damage which the mines not being worked will suffer by water, but it is improbable that the loss from this cause will be very great, speaking generally. The shafts, as a rule, are in rock formation, and the timbering will not suffer by immersion. In the stopes there may be frequent falls from the roof, sufficient to delay somewhat the resumption of active operations. Many of the outcrop mines are now really drained by the mines on their dip; but, even in the case of the deep-levels, the damage from water will not be very great, provided the War is brought to a close in a reasonable time; but, of course, every month's delay increases the risk. The possibilities of damage are greatest in the oxidised region near the surface, and if in any mine the water should rise to this zone—well, it would not be good for the shareholders.

It was the intention of the various mining groups to carry on pumping operations at all the mines during the War, but the Government vetoed this proposal in the case of the mines distinctively British. Ten mines are, of course, being worked to carry on the War, and these should suffer nothing by water, whatever the shareholders may lose in other ways. It is understood that the German mines are being pumped. Two prominent representatives of the group of German capitalists, Messrs. Epler and Wagner, remained behind at the Rand, and they are likely to look well after the interests of the companies in which they are interested. This leaves, however, the great majority of the mines at the mercy of circumstances.

Apart from the problematical damage to the mines by water, it is a well-known fact that plants go quickly to ruin on being hung up, and every day, week, and month that is passing adds to the loss. We have concrete examples of this to go by—mines shut down for a length of time under ordinary circumstances. Take the case of the New Cræsus, shut down some years ago. The plant was an excellent one, yet, when operations were resumed, it was found impossible to make a better run than from fifteen to twenty days per month. Examples of the kind could be multiplied, but the point is well understood. When the Rand is reoccupied, it will be found—even assuming that the Boers do no wilful damage—that many plants require renewing, and this will involve great delay as well as expenditure.

The case of the mines which are being worked to supply the sinews of war is unique. These mines are ten in number—Robinson, Bonanza, Wemmer, Worcester, Village Main, Ferreira, Ferreira Deep, Crown Deep, Rose Deep, and Geldenhuis Estate. Young Munnik, a Zoutpansberg Boer, who knows as much about mining as a cat does of ethics, is supposed to be superintending all mining operations. This much he knows—that there is such a thing as picking the eyes of a mine. He has given orders that only the rich ore in the mines is to be worked, so as to fill the War-chest with as little trouble as possible. The declared output for last month was 90,000 oz., but this does not include the gold which, it is notorious, is being stolen, finding its way to Delagoa Bay, where it is freely offered for sale. Ore giving 33 oz. to the ton is being got out of some parts of the Robinson, and the Bonanza and other mines are being similarly robbed of their rich reef. From all accounts, the mining is of the most squalid, unscientific description, and mine plants are being simply spoiled. Whites and blacks are alike discontented. The former are in daily dread of having to go to "the front," while the blacks are paid only a few shillings a-month, and are frequently flogged. There is hardly a man who would not leave the country if he were at liberty to do so, but no one can move without a passport. Men commit offences in order to be put over the Border.

In the case of a small mine like the Bonanza, with a life of five and a-half or six years, it is a serious matter for the shareholders if the richest ore is picked, the mine generally messed-up, and the plant wrecked through bad treatment. Recent arrivals from the Rand report that the boilers are in a bad way. I am not called upon to express an opinion as to the question of compensation after the War. That is for the lawyers, and, if I were a shareholder in a mine like the Bonanza, I should certainly seek legal advice to keep me right. This much we

know without the lawyers, that in the Cape and Natal compensation has been promised by the Imperial Government, but only for direct losses. As regards the Transvaal, the Imperial Government, for obvious reasons, is not to be drawn, but, under the most favourable circumstances, compensation there also will probably be restricted to direct loss. Again, assuming that the pious, psalm-singing Doppe does no wilful damage, it may be possible to construe direct loss as meaning very little, for the astute Boer appropriates the gold of the Bonanza and other mines in the form of a War Tax. And, in any case, to give the mines compensation will mean robbing Peter to pay Paul.

There is a strong probability of the mines being wrecked by the Boers when they see that the game is up, and, to my mind, this is one of the chief reasons for caution in share-dealings at the moment. That it is the intention of certain evil-disposed Boers to destroy mining-plants and burn the town of Johannesburg is an acknowledged fact, and the only question seems to be whether the rapid advance of the British troops and the necessity for all available burghers being at "the front" may not minimise the danger; but, under any circumstances, I believe much wilful damage is certain to be done, and this is the opinion of the great majority of Uitlanders who know the Boer character well. Going by analogy, we know that the Boer has proved himself an utter vandal in the Cape and Natal, and his intense hatred of the Uitlander and the capitalist, to whom he ascribes the War, will furnish ample motive for deeds of spoliation on the Rand. The home reader has not yet realised all that was covered by Kruger's expressive phrase about "staggering humanity." Other Pretoria worthies, if not Kruger himself, have frequently in conversation conveyed the idea that, if England must have their country, it would be with the Rand as bare veldt. I do not look upon this as all empty bluster. Certain mines are more offensive in the eyes of the Boer than others. For example, the Bonanza, Robinson, Simmer and Jack, and others identified with the Reform movement four years ago, are still eyesores with the Boers, who have searched them frequently for rifles. At the Simmer and Jack the surface-plant and works represent about a million sterling, and it would take three years to replace them, in the event of the Boers carrying out their threats. An important point for the shareholder to note is that engineering works in Britain and America are unusually busy at the moment, having on an average fifteen months' work in hand; consequently great delays must take place in supplying the mines with new plants on a big scale.

As a result of the War, the Transvaal ought to get the inestimable blessing of good, stable Government; but those who are figuring out the gain to the mining industry at 5s., 6s., and even 7s. 6d. per ton are certain to be greatly disappointed—at least, for many a day to come. The debt of possibly twenty or thirty millions sterling with which the country is likely to be saddled as a consequence of the War represents more than the difference between dear and cheap dynamite. Costs at many of the large mines had already been brought down to about 20s. per ton, and to talk of reducing this by anything like 5s. is absurd, as, with the Editor's permission, I shall show in a future article. The war has been a much longer affair than any of us imagined it would be. It has been costly in blood and money, and we are not yet at the end. There can now be no dividends for the next twelve months; probably it may be two years, or even three, before the mines, as a whole, resume paying dividends, and, in the case of non-dividend-payers, the finish of the war will see the majority of them in the hands of the reconstructor.

Saturday, March 31, 1900.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 138, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a non-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no non-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AGRA.—We have sent you the broker's name and address, and hope you will find him satisfactory. The principles on which commissions are charged by members are so wonderful that we really do not understand them. On the shares you name we think the charge would be threepence.

O. A. P.—There appears no reason why you should not sell Inter-Oceanic shares. We gave the tip intending buyers to hold for a year or so, but you might take a part of your profit if you feel nervous.

ANNIE.—(1) Spread your £2000 over Central Argentine, Buenos Ayres and Rosario, and Antofagasta and Bolivia Railways. (2) See what our private correspondent from Hannan's wrote last week. The appearance of the market is not encouraging, and we do not advise a purchase to average; indeed, we would rather clear out.

SOMERSET.—We made the same inquiry as you, and got the same reply. War is not good for their trade; but we hear they have suffered less than their neighbours. As regards the mines you mention, see to-day's letter from our South African correspondent as regards the first two. The third is not generally considered very hopeful.

K. T. T.—Hold for the present. Repeat your inquiry in about two months' time.

TENOR.—See No. 7 of the above Rules.

Warrants for dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum on the Ordinary shares of the Savoy Hotel, Limited, and at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum on the Preference shares, have been sent out.